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SUMMARY OF CONTENTS.

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE—	
Anderson's History of the Church of England.....	71
BIOGRAPHY—	
Beattie's Life and Letters of T. Campbell	72
Pulling's Translation of Lamartine's Poetical Meditations, &c.....	74
VOTAGES AND TRAVELS—	
Layard's Nineveh and its remains	75
Bryant's What I saw in California	76
Cowen's Six Weeks in Corsica	77
NATURAL HISTORY—	
Letters on the Natural History of Godalming	79
SCIENCE—	
Humboldt's Cosmos	80
Jerwood's Lecture on The New Planet	80
FICTION—	
Friends and Fortune; Duodecimo; Family Pictures; The Tithe Proctor; Sequel to Adventures in Circassia; History of Samuel Tiltmarsh; The Great Hogarty Diamond; Waverley Novels	80
POETRY—	
Morley's Sunrise in Italy	80
Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's King Arthur	81
Zavatt's Viking	82
EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS—	
Burbury's How to Spend a Week Happily	82
Scriptural Series	82
Howitt's Our Cousins in Ohio	82
POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY	82
PERIODICALS AND SERIALS	82
MISCELLANEOUS	83, 81
Sir F. Head's Stokers and Pokers	83
PEEPS INTO UNPUBLISHED VOLUMES	85
Small Fry of Literature	85
BOOKS RECEIVED	86
ART—	
Art Journal for February	86
Loudon's Ladies' Flower Garden of Ornamental Perennials	86
The Fine Arts Commission, and the New Houses of Parliament	86
MUSIC	86
THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS	87
SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS	87
Property Insurance Society	87
ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS	88
JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY—The Zoost	88
BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS	89
LITERARY INTELLIGENCE	89
LIST OF NEW BOOKS	89
WORKS IN THE PRESS	90
ADVERTISEMENTS	69, 70, 90, 91, 92

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HISTORY.

The History of the Church of England, in the Colonies and Foreign Dependencies of the British Empire. By the Rev. JAMES S. M. ANDERSON, M.A., &c. Vol. 2. London: Rivingtons. 1848.

The first volume of Mr. ANDERSON's history was published in the spring of 1845. The second appeared at the close of the last year. The interposition of such an interval between the composition of successive parts of the same work is always dangerous and often fatal to the consistency and uniformity of the whole. That which is first given to the world and which would have been in perfect harmony with the original design of the author is thrown out of proportion by the alteration subsequently introduced into the plan. It is as though an artist should divide a block of marble into two portions, and from each portion seek to carve separately a different limb of the same figure, without troubling himself to ascertain whether the two limbs are exactly proportionate, until the very moment when he seeks to unite them. A single fact connected with the history before us, is the best proof of the evil which is suggested. The second volume, though half as large again as the first, contains the history of only half the period which it was intended to embrace. The work, which it was contemplated would be com-

pleted in three volumes, will certainly occupy four, but probably not less than six. The present volume treats of such events, within the author's plan, as occurred between the accession of CHARLES I. and the close of the 17th century: a period, politically speaking, the most interesting in the history of England, and which sent forth to distant lands the fathers of the most advanced of our country's colonial offspring. It is, at the same time, almost the most barren of events which really belong to the history of our colonial church. Topics enough it supplies and facts enough, connected with matters proper to be considered as connected with the history of religion, but to the history of a church, properly speaking, i. e. of a systematic institution, acting as such, it contributes little or nothing. The colonists were, for the most part, Christians of some sort: they took with them, or they established where they settled, ministers of some kind or another, but the whole course of procedure was, so to speak, of accident and not of design; the church of this country took no part in colonization as a public, general movement; the different settlements scarcely apprehended the idea of any thing like religious inter-communion: and in the main, each particular band of emigrants adopted its own scheme of faith, observance, and discipline, each "did what was right in its own eyes." It was not the absence of religious feeling so much as the irregularity, the want of discipline, the practice of self-pleasing in all things, that prevented men from continuing in the colonies fellow-churchmen as well as fellow-subjects. Religious sentiments will be found admirably set forth in many documents connected with the history of the colonies at this period. Below is one, extracted from an account of Guiana dedicated to CHARLES I. by ROBERT HARCOURT. To Guiana the attention of this country had been directed ever since the eventful expedition of Sir WALTER RALEIGH, and it was a place to which—a further illustration of what has before been said—a "worshipful knight of Kent" had been requested by letter nearly twenty years before to send preachers "well persuaded of the church government in England," a significant expression suggestive of the early introduction of puritanism into our American settlements.

It hath bene, and ever will bee held deere and unquestionable, that God cannot be more honored, nor his holy name by any means more glorified, than by the prosperous growth and happy increase of his church, through the conversion of those that bee heathen and barbarous nations to the knowledge of him our true God, his sonne Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost, the blessed individuall Trinitie, and to the profession and practice of Christianity; which heavenly and ever memorable worke, may, through God's good blessing and assistance, (without which indeede all our travel therein, and all the labour of the world is but lost,) bee easily effected and accomplished in Guiana; the people thereof being of a louing and tractable nature towards the English whom they lone and preferre before all other strangers whatsoever; and by whom (next vnder God) I verily hope, and am constantly perswaded, it will bee their blessed happe to bee freed from the servitude of the diuell, that now so tyrannizeth ouer them, and to bee led out of that infernall darknesse wherein they line, and bee drawn to Christianity: for they will come vnto us (already) at time of prayer, shew reuerence, and bee very attentive all the while, although they vnderstand nothing: they will bee content that wee baptize their children, and will call them by the Christian names wee give them, suffer vs to bring them vp and in a sort acknowledge their ignorance, and shew a kind of willingness to be instructed and reformed.

Our next extract is of an entirely different description. The name of Massachusetts sug-

gests at once the idea of civil and religious inaptitude for the yoke of any external government. It was the settlement, from its very birth, of schismatics political and religious, a "New England" in tone and feeling no less than in place. In Massachusetts the General Court, in 1630 and the following years, assumed the whole government of the colony. Matters spiritual came within their cognizance no less than matters secular, and they laid down the rules to which the conscience no less than the conduct was to be made conformable. In the fulness of that toleration which has ever been the distinguishing note of puritanism, they sentenced all Popish priests, found within their borders, to banishment, and if they should return, to death, and extended the same law "to that cursed sect, the Quakers," as they gently denominated them. Excommunication is a punishment, the use of which has not been confined to one age or one religious party.

A remarkable witness of the reality and magnitude of such evils is found in the person of Thomas Lechford, who published in 1641-2, a pamphlet, entitled "Plain Dealing," or "Newes from New England." He had emigrated to Massachusetts, about four years before; having, as he states in his preface, suffered "imprisonment, and a kind of banishment, from his native country," for some acts construed to oppose, and as tending to subvert, episcopacie, and the settled ecclesiastical government of England. That Lechford was not really guilty of the offences thus charged against him, is evident from the whole tenor of his pamphlet; and one object in writing it, he expressly says, was to "purge" himself of so great a "scandal," and "to entreat all" his "superiors, and others, to impute it rather to his 'ignorance,' for the time, than any wilful stubbornness." His description of the church government existing in Massachusetts, and especially of that part of it which relates to the rules of admission to church membership, is substantially the same as that which I have quoted above from the pages of Canon Mather, but marked by greater minuteness of detail. These rules, he relates, were acted upon with such rigour, that, sometimes the master was admitted, and not the servant; the husband, and not the wife; the child, and not the parent; and vice versa. If the parties, hearing the evidence why any one should be received into, or retained in, communion, were satisfied that the accused were guilty, their silence was deemed a sufficient assent; and sentence of admonition, or excommunication, was forthwith pronounced. If the offence charged related only to erroneous opinions, the teacher pronounced the sentence; but if to ill manners, then the pastor pronounced it. The ruling elders did not usually pronounce any sentence; "but I have heard," adds Lechford, "a Captaine delivered over to Satan, in the church at Dorchester, in the absence of their minister." The person excommunicated was held as a heathen and publican; although, in Boston, the children were sometimes allowed to eat with their excommunicated parents; and an excommunicated magistrate was still to be obeyed in civil matters. In most towns of New England, the excommunicated person might be present at prayer, provided he did not take any eminent position in the assembly; but, at Newhaven, he was compelled to stand outside, at the door, in frost, or rain, or snow. Censures of this kind were, for the most part, he admits, exercised with moderation. Yet, he relates the case of "a gentlewoman excommunicate, for some indiscreet words, with some stiffness maintained, who had said, A brother, and others, she feared, did conspire to arbitrate the price of joyners worke of a chamber too high, and endeavoured to bring the same into civil cognizance, not proceeding to take two or three to convince the party, and so to tell the church (though she first told the party of it); and this without her husband." The offender, here spoken of, was still under sentence of excommunication, at the time of Lechford's departure from the colony.

The writer of this and other little statements—for he says elsewhere, that he was not admitted as a communicant during the whole period of his sojourn in the colony, and that only because he demurred to their mode of church discipline,—having a lively sense of

the evils which he describes, asks, whether this "independent mode, of every congregational church ruling itself," were not virtually to introduce, not only one absolute bishop into every parish, but, in effect, to make so many men so many bishops? "If all are rulers," he inquires further, "who shall be ruled?" and urges his brother emigrants to remember the Apostolic precept: "My brethren, be not many masters." But the injustice, of which he especially complains, is that to which I have before adverted, namely, the making the possession of temporal privileges dependent upon a participation in church membership. His words are "Now the most of the persons at New England are not admitted of their church, and therefore are not freemen: and when they come to be tried there, be it for life or limb, name or estate, or whatsoever, they must be tried and judged too by those of the church, who are in a sort their adversaries. How equal that hath been, or may be some by experience doe knowe, others may judge."

Massachusetts is only a single instance. But the subjection of spiritual matters and spiritual persons to the government, rude, rigorous, and interfering, of the secular power was almost universal. The clergyman was dependent upon the good will of the colony: they set him up and they claimed the right to depose him. He stood alone, for the most part, with no religious superior whom he might consult in difficulties, or whose authority or assistance he might invoke against coarse and imperious usage at the hand of a slave-holding population. This is said to have been the state of things in Barbadoes.

But a heavier trial than any which the clergy of Barbadoes had to experience from the railing accusations of Quakers, or the brutal conduct of overseers, was the thralldom under which they were held by the parochial vestries. The instance, above cited from Godwyn, of the necessity laid upon the clergyman who baptized a negro, to vindicate himself, in a tone of apology, for having done that act, is one signal proof of this oppression. And it stands not alone. Godwyn proves that it was a part of the same vicious system which every where prevailed with regard to church government in the island at this time. I have already pointed out the defects of this system, and the evils which were likely to spring from them. Godwyn confirms strongly the truth of those observations, when he remarks, with reference to the above narrative, "Here we may read the evil consequence of making ministers annual stipendiaries, and of subjecting them to the arbitrary talons of vestries, made up for the most part of sordid plebeians, the very dregs of the English nation, with whom to be truly conscientious is the height of madness and folly; and whose displeasure, even of any of them, though in the most righteous cause, doth portend the parties most certain ruin." Other outrages against truth and decency, springing from the same source, are likewise enumerated by him. He describes one man, for instance, not in holy orders, as undertaking to baptize, or marry, or "do any office where money was to be got, the minister being not able to prevent him; the vestries (who are our supreme church governors,) not favouring their complaints, or being themselves not willing to be confined. Nor have the ministers much cause to be displeased; themselves (especially the more popular) usually taking the liberty of their neighbours' parishes and pulpits upon all occasions, both without and against the proprietor's consent. In many parts of the island, he relates further, that baptism, marriages, churchings, and burials, were either totally omitted, or else performed by the overseers, in a kind of profane merriment, and derision as it were of the ordinances." He refrains from inserting the order of visitation of the sick in the above list, because it was laid aside in a manner by all except the richer English. There were only five clergy in the whole island; and thus six out of the eleven churches then built in it, were without any appointed ministers. Godwyn himself forebore to accept the charge of any parish in Barbadoes; feeling that he could not do so, as long as they were subject to such tyrannical control of vestries. He urges strongly the necessity of appointing "one person or more, as agents for each colony, to represent the grievances of

the church and ministers to the government of England, it having been hitherto found to very little purpose to make complaints there."

We have only to say in conclusion, that Mr. ANDERSON'S book continues to exhibit great industry and research, together with that clearness and simplicity of style which pervades most of his writings. If he do not succeed in writing a book worthy to be called a history, he will at least be entitled to the praise of having collected from various sources a large number of materials of extreme value with reference to any inquiries theological or historical which may hereafter be made upon the subject of church missions. To that subject the attention of the church at all times ought to be directed: it may be, that there are events in the present day which render the duty more than ordinarily imperative, and the performance of it more than hitherto hopeful. Upon this matter, at present, we forbear to say more. We conclude with one more extract belonging to general history and referring to some Englishmen, sold as slaves during the time of the Commonwealth.

The account of them is given in a pamphlet, entitled "England's Slavery, or Barbadoes Merchandize," and published in 1659. It contains a petition to Parliament from Marcellinus Rivers and Oxenbridge Fowle, on behalf of themselves and seventy more "free-born Englishmen," who had all been sold uncondemned into slavery. The petition sets forth that they had been made prisoners at Exeter and Ilchester, on pretence of the Salisbury rising; and although the indictments against some of them had never been preferred, and in the case of others ignored, and the rest who had undergone trial had been acquitted, they had, nevertheless, been kept in prison for a whole year; at the end of which time, they had suddenly been snatched out of their prisons, and driven through the streets of Exeter, by command of the then high sheriff, Copleston, under a guard of horse and foot—none being suffered to take leave of them;—and so hurried to Plymouth, and put on board-ship, where, after they had lain fourteen days, the Captain set sail, and at the end of five weeks, landed them at Barbadoes. The prisoners had been kept all the way locked up in the hold, among horses, so that their souls, through heat and steam, fainted in them. They had afterwards been sold, the generality of them, to most inhuman persons, for 1,550lbs. weight of sugar a piece, (more or less, according to their working faculties,) as the goods and chattels of their masters. Aged persons, (the petition goes on to say) of threescore and sixteen years, had not been spared; nor divines, nor officers, nor gentlemen, nor any age or condition of men. All had been enslaved alike; and were now generally grinding at the mills, attending the furnaces, or digging in this scorching island; having nothing to feed on, notwithstanding their hard labour, but potato roots; nor to drink, but water, with such roots washed in it (besides the bread and tears of their own afflictions) bought and sold still from one planter to another, or attached as beasts for the debts of their masters; being whipped at their whipping posts as rogues, for their master's pleasure, and sleeping in styes worse than hogs in England, and many other ways made miserable, beyond expression or Christian imagination.

Roger of Wendover's *Flowers of History*, comprising the *History of England from the Descent of the Saxons to A.D. 1235*, formerly ascribed to Matthew Paris. Translated from the Latin, by J. A. GILES, D.C.L. In 2 vols. Vol. I. London: Bohn.

OF the author of this curious and valuable chronicle, very little is known, save that he was a monk in the abbey of St. Alban's where he rose to the rank of precentor and was afterwards promoted to be Prior of Belvoir, a cell attached to the abbey. From this post he was deposed in the reign of Henry III. for having wasted the property of the house by his extravagance. He was then recalled to the Abbey, where he died in the year 1237.

The *Flowers of History*, of which he was the author, contains an abridged history of the world from the

creation to the year 1235, which was the 19th year of Henry III. The earlier portion, which relates to the history of the world previously to the Saxon invasion, is utterly worthless, and, therefore, it has been prudently excluded from the present translation. The remaining portion was partly compiled from other monkish chroniclers, partly narrated from his own observation or hearsay at the time when the events occurred.

The preface informs us of a very curious fact in relation to this work. The latter part, as appears by the MS., which is still in existence, was actually taken by MATTHEW PARIS, and embodied almost *verbatim* in his own work, only altering occasionally a single sentence or adding a few paragraphs of his own,—a literary larceny without a parallel.

Dr. GILES has made his translation with great care, and it will be a valuable addition to Mr. BOHN'S most valuable *Antiquarian Library*.

Miller's Philosophy of History. Vol. 3. Bohn.

This volume completes a work which forms the latest addition to Mr. BOHN'S *Standard Library*. It has been revised by the author, and in this cheap form will be accessible to every school and every family library. Of its merits we have already twice spoken.

BIOGRAPHY.

Life and Letters of Thomas Campbell. Edited by WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D., one of his Executors. In 3 vols. London: Moxon. 1849.

[Continued from page 54.]

AGE had brought wisdom, or necessity had taught him that the indulgence of boyish dreams will not compensate for the substantial sweets of pecuniary ease, for at this time he seriously thought of returning to the despised solicitor's office and fairly sitting down to be a lawyer. His pupil, CUNNINGHAME, who appears thus early to have recognized his great talents, exhorted him to look above the desk, and go to the bar, and the better prospects which it opened to his ambition and the more exalted exercise of the faculties which it permits, would have persuaded the poet to the adoption of this profession, but for the obstacle of his poverty. In vain he sought the means of securing such an independence as would justify his throwing himself upon a profession in which the expenses are unavoidably great and the rewards certainly slow; he devised and abandoned in turn divers methods of securing a subsistence; he projected a magazine; he planned books; he imagined poems; he went to Edinburgh to seek profitable employment for his pen;—but none promised hopefully enough for his needs. In the metropolis of Scotland he was engaged in the office of a Mr. WHYTE, and while there, arranged with a bookseller named MUNDELL for an abridgment of BRYAN EDWARDS'S *West Indies*, for which he received the sum of £20. He had now attained the age of nineteen, and he began to project works of more daring. He was tempted to his first great adventure as a poet by the success which had attended the publication of his ballad *The Wounded Hussar*. "This ballad was no sooner published than its popularity was established; it was sung in the streets of Glasgow, and soon found its way over the whole kingdom. It might be literally said of it—as in *The Winter's Tale*—'There's not a maid Westward, but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.' The negligence, however, with which it was printed, caused the sensitive author no small annoyance. By placing a semicolon at the end of the first line, the printer had completely marred the sense and pathos of the whole stanza. The poet



had intended the heroine to express her confidence that the mercy of Heaven would be so speedily manifested for the relief of the husband, as to 'forbid her to mourn:' but instead of this natural and affecting sentiment, the 'fair Adelaide,' on discovering her 'wounded hussar' in the agony of death, was made to apostrophize him thus—

Thou shalt live, 'she replied,' 'Heaven's mercy relieving;
'Each anguishing wound, shall forbid me to mourn!'

and, strange as it may seem, this little error in punctuation—so important to the sense—was repeated in more than one or two of the authorized editions. But the art of punctuation was one of those mysteries which the poet could never comprehend."

It was in the year 1798 that he planned and commenced *The Pleasures of Hope*, and it was completed before he had attained his twentieth year. MUNDELL gave him £60 for it in cash and books. Its success was immediate and complete. "The demand for copies was unprecedented. Anticipation, which had run very high as to its merits, was fully justified by the perusal; and when the youth of the poet was considered, the mature strength and beauty of the poem struck every reader with surprise." The bookseller, who had bought it so cheaply, was, however, not unjust. He gave the poet £50 on every new edition, so that it in fact yielded him an annuity.

The fame thus acquired introduced him at once to all the celebrities of the time. His society was courted everywhere and he made for himself a circle of distinguished friends whom he preserved throughout his life.

CAMPBELL paid a visit to the Continent in 1800, in company with his brother. Their route was to Hamburg, and thence to Ratisbon, where he beheld the horrors of war in the devastation of the country by the French, who had just subdued the Austrians under KLENAU. During this tour he was, it seems, the paid correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*, sending home poems suggested by the objects that most attracted his fancy. The agreed price was fifty guineas for twenty-four poems (lyrics, of course). How small was this, compared with their intrinsic value, and their subsequent market value! It was during this tour that he wrote "The Exile of Erin," "The Soldier's Dream," "The Battle of Hohenlinden," and "The Wounded Hussar." He projected also a great poem, to be called "The Queen of the North," of which he gives the following account—

But to finishing my "Queen of the North." I have already mentioned how shocked I should be at the idea of leaving my honour unfulfilled. I expect, besides pieces to Perry, to have much done in it before you come out, but for want of matter I cannot possibly perfect it till then. I find this subject fertile in good episodes. The parting apostrophe to Edinburgh is supposed to be from shipboard, by moonlight. The feelings of my heart are still as warm to it as they were when I saw it vanishing. I then mean to transport myself, in imagination, to the castle height, and describe the sensations that would naturally arise from taking in with the eye the most remarkable scenery visible from that point. I mean to describe the view from Queen-street; then, if anything romantic or classical can be connected with it, any of the mountain scenery obvious to the eye from that point. The plain pastoral sublimity of Arthur's Seat is next to be noticed—and if any scene be visible from thence, it will find a place in the poem. One of the places of Mary's refuge is to be seen from its top. After a sketch of the murder-closet of Rizzio, and the hall of the Scottish Kings, an episode on the college will conclude the poem.

From Altona he was dismissed by the declaration of war between England and Denmark,

and returning home he passed the batteries of the Danish coast, and "The Battle of the Baltic" was suggested to him. He reached London safely, and called upon the many acquaintances whom he had known by correspondence, although not personally. He found Mr. PERRY, of the *Morning Chronicle*, extremely kind and attentive. He was, however, recalled from metropolitan pleasures and pursuits, by the illness of his father, then in his 91st year. But he had scarcely reached home when he was arrested on a charge of treason, some Hamburg spy having reported that he had engaged in a conspiracy in that city to procure the invasion of Ireland—and which was fortified by the accidental fact that he had crossed the sea in the same ship with Donovan, the rebel. But, fortunately, on searching his papers, they found nothing but "Ye Mariners of England," and those glorious verses secured his immediate discharge, and an invitation from the sheriff to the poet to take a bottle of wine together with him.

CAMPBELL continued to reside in Edinburgh, supporting himself and his father's family by the labors of his pen. In 1801 he commenced a poem called "The Mobiad," a fragment of which is here given to the world for the first time. It was suggested by the food riots. It is a political satire, very playfully written, as the following specimen will prove—

Nor ceased my day-dream till the waning hours
Had shook fair fancy from her throne of flowers;
And o'er my heart's emotions, less divine,
Imperious warn'd th' esurient bard to dine!
Yet—when my bell its awful summons rung,
And mental Mary heard its iron tongue—
Not in plebeian prose, I spoke aloud,
"When mortal wants th' immortal spirit bow'd,
I'll would it suit to ask a poet's food
In vulgar phrase, ignobly understood!"
Then stood the culinary maiden dumb,
And slowly twirl'd each circumvolvent thumb;
Astounded—list'ning to the voice sublime
Of oral thunders, and Iambic rhyme:—
"Bring me the beef—the dulcet pudding bring;
Or fry the mud-larks odoriferous wing;
Or simmering greens with soft rotation turn,
Champ'd in the luscious treasure of the churn!
Then pour the brown ale, rich as ever ran
From Balder's horn, or Edin's creamy can!
Blest in that honest draught, let none repine
For nect'rous nuyau or ambrosial wine;
But—lest my w'ining wealth refuse to raise
So fair a feast, in these degenerate days—
Take from this splendid shilling, what may find
Some sweet refection of a sober mind,
Yon earth-born apple, vegetable grace
Of Erin's sons—a blunder-loving race;
Well could that food of bulls delight me now,
Mixt with the mantling beverage of the cow;
My vaccine milk on 'tatoes sweet should pour,
And fruit and liquor charm our fairy-footed bower!"

Among other acquaintances made at this time was that of Lord MINTO, of whom he thus speaks in one of his letters—

My history since I left you has not been much brighter than many other spots of my life. I was attacked again at Liverpool with a resurrection of my winter complaint. The remedy has been an obstacle to what I ought principally to have been employed in cultivating since I came to London, namely, my numerous introductions. I have not delivered above one-half of my letters; nor have I found myself in spirits to call upon the generality of those persons whose acquaintance I have formed. I began letters to Graham and to Brougham, all of which I threw into the fire; for, unless one has pleasant thoughts to communicate, what is the use of correspondence? Horner would inform you of my present residence. Lord Minto has shown me great kindness, and conferred that kindness with delicacy. At an early period of our acquaintance, I had a conversation with him on the ticklish subject of politics, in which it was my design that he should have my confession of faith; and, if that were inconsistent with his good opinion, that our acquaintance should drop. I told him that my principles were republican; and that my opinion of the practicability of a republican form of government had not been materially affected by all that had happened in the French revolution. I added that my oldest and best friends were even of the same creed, and attri-

buted my opinion in politics to my attendance on the lectures of John Miller. Lord Minto is a tory of the Burke school. He censured the opinions of the opposite sect very strongly; but said that he never cherished an illiberal dislike to young and candid errors of judgment. I see him but once a-day, at breakfast, for he is abroad the rest of the day. His conversation is very instructive, from his intimate acquaintance with political facts and characters: and, though his creed is not favourable to political liberty, it has no mixture of personal asperity.

And it was at Lord Minto's house that he wrote, in one night, the beautiful ballad "Lochiel's Warning," about which we have the following interesting particulars—

It may be observed through the whole of Campbell's letters, that whenever his mind is actively engaged on any new theme, languor, lassitude, and all those ills that a parturient fancy is heir to, are subjects of frequent complaint. And so it turned out on the present occasion; for, while in one of his letters he says that, in London, his health was so depressed, that he "had not even power to transcribe two or three pieces which Lord Minto requested for his own keeping," he had composed both "Lochiel" and "Hohenlinden," which afford abundant proof, that however depressed in physical health, his intellectual powers were in full and perfect vigour. As soon as these poems were finished, his health revived; and, returning to Edinburgh, he again took up his residence with his mother and sisters in Alison Square. The list of subscribers to the quarto edition of his poems could now boast of the most distinguished names in the kingdom; but to give the volume a new title to their patronage, it was agreed that it should contain several recent pieces, to which he was to give the finishing touches during the summer.

In answer to a letter, repeating the invitation to Roxburghshire, Campbell thus writes:—

"TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD MINTO.

"Edinburgh, June 29, 1802.

"My Lord.—It gave me much pleasure to learn by your lordship's letter of the 28th, that the fever is now banished from your amiable family. I congratulate your lordship upon your happy retirement among your paternal woods and mountains, and wish that I had the muse of Minto beside me, to indite that congratulation in numbers worthy of the scene.

"I returned to Edinburgh—not, to be sure, with all the satisfaction that one would feel in retiring to a paternal house and estate; but not without sincere delight in visiting the scene of so many friends and favourites. I have seen the worthy family of Lothian House: and, immediately on receipt of your lordship's letter, communicated to them the agreeable news of your young one's being recovered. Nothing could be so agreeable to me as to embrace your lordship's invitation to set out to Minto immediately; but my fear respecting my health having rather increased than diminished, and my spirits being in consequence subject to alarm and depression, I should wish to continue a little longer under that advice in which I confide so implicitly; and to come a strong and doughty wight, before I set off for Minto, to enter the lists with Bruce and Wallace.

"I have shown Lochiel to several friends here, and have found your lordship's idea of the vulgarity of 'hanging' more than once suggested. I own, however, that I am not so lost to paternal affection as to have my eyes opened to the defects of my youngest fugitive. As to hanging, I have still a strong hankering after that punishment, from having learnt accidentally that Lochiel's brother actually suffered that death. Whether it might be proper to describe the process of hanging or not, I certainly think that some advantage might be taken of the above fact, in heightening the horror of the wizard's address. As soon as I have put the piece into its regenerated state, I will send it to your lordship, probably in two or three days. With sincerest and respectful compliments to all the family of Minto, I have the honour to be,—Your lordship's very grateful humble servant,

"THOMAS CAMPBELL."

Having been criticised and approved in the circle of his private friends, the new poems of "Lochiel" and "Hohenlinden," were pronounced to be worthy of his reputation. Calling one morning to consult Mrs. Dugald Stewart on a point of some family interest, he took out his manuscript of "Lochiel" and read it to her. She

listened in mute attention. But as soon as he had closed the last couplet, she rose gravely from her chair, walked across the room, and laying her hand gently upon his head, said, "This will bear another wreath of laurel yet!" and, without another word, returned to her seat. But she was evidently much moved; "And this," said Campbell, "made a stronger impression upon my mind than if she had spoken in a strain of the loftiest panegyric. It was one of the principal incidents in my life that gave me confidence in my own powers."

"Lochiel's Warning," and "Hohenlinden," were intended for the new quarto edition only; but, at the request of his friends, they were printed anonymously, and dedicated to the Rev. Mr. Alison.

CAMPBELL married on the 10th of Sept., 1803, Miss MATILDA SINCLAIR, a lady remarkable for her beauty; and at this part of his career we pause again, promising to resume our review at the earliest opportunity.

A Biographical Sketch, the Poetical Meditations, and Poetical and Religious Harmonies, of M. De Lamartine. Translated by the Rev. W. PULLING, M.A., of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. London: Wright. 1849.

A BRIEF biography of the distinguished writer precedes a translation of the most famous of his poems. We learn from this that LAMARTINE was born at Mâcon, in the province of Burgundy, in 1790, his father having been a major in the army. His mother was a truly pious woman, and early instructed him in the truths of religion, lessons which he has never forgotten, and the fruits of which are visible in all his subsequent career, and in every page he has written. It is related of him that his oratorical and poetical talents were very early displayed.

A Curé of the neighbourhood came to spend some hours at Milly, and after dinner he wished to depart. His entertainers exclaimed against that speedy departure, but the venerable priest excused himself, in consequence of the necessity of his return to his abode, in order to prepare a sermon for All Souls' day.

"Pass the night at Milly, Monsieur le Curé," said Alphonse de Lamartine, "and this evening by supper-time, I shall have written your sermon."

We guess with what incredulity this proposal was accepted; however, the reverend man consented to remain. At the appointed hour, the child re-appeared in the saloon with the sermon, which he had written with a rapid pen, and which extorted from the whole family, as well as the good priest, cries of admiration and tears of tenderness. Even for an instant, the Curé thought that this composition, so superior to the age of the child, had been copied from some collection of sacred eloquence; but Alphonse de Lamartine offered to *improviser* a sermon on any subject, which might be imposed on him, and all doubts were dispelled in the mind of the aged Priest, who showed, twenty years after, with delight, those inspired pages.

He was educated at the Jesuits College at Belley. In 1810 he visited Italy, and there drank deep draughts of inspiration. From 1810 to 1820 he busied himself both with poetry and with science.

"At that time," says he, in the admirable preface to his works, "I lived alone, my heart overflowing with compressed feelings and deceived poetry; sometimes of Paris, immersed in that crowd, where we elbowed no one but courtiers or soldiers; sometimes at Rome, where no noise was heard, except that of the stones, which fell, one by one, in the desert of her abandoned streets: sometimes at Naples, where the tepid sky, the blue sea, and the balmy ground inebriated, without laying me asleep, and where an internal voice was continually saying to me, that there was something more noble, more delicious for the soul, than that benumbed life of the senses, and that voluptuous softness of her music and amours. More frequently I returned to the country, to pass the

• Des Destinées de la Poésie.

melancholy autumn in the solitary house of my father and mother, in peace, in silence, in the domestic sanctity of the sweet impressions of the hearth: by day, running through the forests; by night, reading what I found on the old shelves of the family library. Job, Homer, Virgil, Tasso, Milton, Rousseau, and above all, Ossian and 'Paul and Virginia,' those beloved books, spoke to me in solitude, the language of my heart; a language of harmony, of images, and of passion. Sometimes I lived with one, sometimes with another, only changing them, when I had exhausted them, if I may be allowed the expression. As long as I live, I shall remember certain hours of summer, which I passed lying on the grass in a woodland glade under the shade of the old trunk of a crab-tree, reading the 'Jerusalem Delivered,' and so many autumnal or winter evenings passed in wandering over the hills already covered with fogs and hoar frost, with Ossian and Werter for my companions; sometimes lifted up by the internal enthusiasm which devoured me, running over the heaths, as if borne by a spirit, that prevented my feet from touching the ground; sometimes seated upon a greyish rock, with my forehead in my hands, with a feeling, which has no name, listening to the shrill and plaintive north winds of winter, or to the rolling of the heavy clouds, which broke on the angles of the mountain, or to the aerial voice of the lark, which the wind in its whirlings carried away singing, as my thoughts, stronger than myself, carried away my soul. Were those impressions joy or sadness, grief or suffering? I could not say. They partook of all these sentiments simultaneously. They were love and religion, presentiments of the future life, delicious and sorrowful like itself: ecstasies and discouragements; horizons of light and abysses of darkness; joy and tears; the future and despair. It was Nature, speaking, with her thousand voices, to the heart of man, still undefiled, but, in fine, it was poetry. Sometimes I essayed to express that poetry in verses, but I had no one by whom I could make them heard; some days I read them to myself; I found with astonishment and grief, that they did not resemble those which I read in the selections and volumes of the day. I said to myself, 'no one will read them, they will appear strange, whimsical, senseless; and when scarcely written I burned them. Thus I annihilated volumes of that earliest and vague poetry of the heart, and I acted wisely, for at that time they would have burst into life for the ridicule, and have died, in the contempt of all that is called literature. What I wrote afterwards was not of greater value, but the times had changed; Poetry had returned to France with liberty, with thought, with the moral life, which the Restoration brought back to us. It seems that the return of the Bourbons and liberty to France, gave a new inspiration, another soul to the oppressed or slumbering literature of that time; and then we saw spring up a crowd of those names celebrated in poetry or philosophy, which still fill our academies and form a brilliant link of the transition of the two epochs. Who then could have told me that, fifteen years later, poetry would inundate the soul of all the youth of France; that a crowd of talents, of a different and novel order would have arisen from that dead and cold soil; that the press, multiplied to infinity, would not suffice to diffuse the fervent ideas of an army of youthful writers; that dramas would dash against each other at the door of all the theatres; that the lyric and religious soul of a generation of Christian bards would invent a new language to reveal unknown enthusiastic transports; that liberty, faith, philosophy, politics, doctrines the most ancient, as well as the most recent, would struggle in the face of the sun, with genius, glory, talents, and ardour, and that a vast and sublime conflict of intelligences would cover France and the world with the most beauteous as well as with the boldest intellectual movement, that any of our ages had seen hitherto? Had any one said this to me at that time, I would not have believed him, and nevertheless it is. Poetry, then, was not dead in the soul, as was said in those years of scepticism and algebra, and since it died not at that time, it never dies.

"As long as man dies not, never can the most beautiful faculty of the soul cease to be. What in truth is poetry? As all that is divine in us, it cannot be defined by one word, nor by a thousand. It is the incarnation of what man has most intimate in his heart, and most divine in thought: in what visible Nature has most

magnificent in images, and most sublime in sounds. It is at once sentiment and sensation, spirit and matter, and, therefore, it is the complete language; the language, *par excellence*, which seizes man by the whole of his human nature:—it is idea for the mind, sentiment for the soul, image for the imagination, and music for the ear; therefore, when this language is well spoken, it strikes down a man like a thunder-bolt, and annihilates him with evidence internal and unreflected on; or enchants him, like a love-potion, or rocks him, motionless and charmed, like a child in its cradle, with the sympathetic warblings of a mother's voice."

This passage throws a bright light upon his career. His adventures during this period are various. In 1814 he became a *garde du corps* of the Restoration. In 1819 he was seized with a serious illness, and poverty fell upon him; that first induced him to seek the booksellers, and thus was given to the world his *Meditations* which met with an immediate and brilliant success and surrounded him with friends and fortune.

LOUIS XVIII. was among the first to appreciate the genius his country had produced and immediately offered him a post in connexion with the embassy at Florence. It was accepted and resulted in his marriage with an English lady. The history of this romantic affair is thus told:

LAMARTINE'S MARRIAGE.

In sending officially M. de Lamartine into Italy by a poetical dedication to the shade of *Elvire*, Louis XVIII. had reckoned *without the game of love and chance*. All the biographers inform us that one evening at Florence, amid the brilliancy of a *fête*, by the soft light, which fell from the stars, M. de Lamartine heard through the breezes, loaded with the delicate perfume of the orange-trees, a tender and melodious voice, which murmured these verses of his "*Méditations*," vide "*Autumn*," in the present Selection, p. 39, s. 7.—

"Peut-être l'avenir me gardait-il encore
Un retour de bonheur dont l'espoir est perdu;
Peut-être dans la foule un âme que j'ignore,
Aurait compris mon âme et m'aurait répondu."

The biographers add that the soul of the poet was comprehended, that the unknown soul of a lady had replied to it, and that M. de Lamartine became the husband of a rich foreigner,* enamoured, at the same time, with his person and his genius: from that moment the image of his former lady-love was going to be nothing but the ideal beauty, the harmony, and the muse of the Poet.

In 1823 he published his *Nouvelles Méditations*. In 1825 *Le Chant du Sacre*. In 1829 he returned to Paris and produced *Les Harmonies Poétiques et Religieuses*.

The "*Harmonies*" extorted from the French Academy the election of M. de Lamartine in 1829, to succeed Count Daru. Amidst the satisfaction, which was afforded him by this decision of the first literary body in the world, added to the suffrages, sympathies, and every mark of public admiration, that came to him from every quarter and from the most distinguished among men, as by magnetic attraction, incomparably too many to mention, the happiness of the poet was disturbed by one of those heart-rending losses, which render all human consolation totally ineffectual; his mother, that most exemplary lady, in whom were conjoined all the virtues of Humanity, and of whom her admirable son was so eulogistic, in taking a bath, could not turn off the cock of boiling water in time; she expired, at the termination of some hours of excruciating suffering, without having the consolation of embracing and blessing her son. He was 200 leagues distant. His intimate and dearest friend, M. Amédée de Parseval, hastened to him at this dreadful occurrence, and both set off to pray and weep upon a tomb.

In 1830 he was nominated by Charles X.

* Marianne, only daughter of Major William Birch, of Cumberland-place, Hyde-park, London. The marriage took place in Switzerland. By this lady M. de Lamartine had two children, a son, who died in London when two years old, and a daughter Julia.

minister plenipotentiary of France in Greece; but a very few weeks banished his royal patron from the throne. LAMARTINE was faithful to his fallen friends.

"I loved," said Lamartine, in 1832, "that old family of the Bourbons, because they had had the love and blood of my father and of all my relatives, and because they should have had more also, if they had desired it. But the Revolution of July did not exasperate me, because I was not astonished thereat. I saw it coming from afar nine months before the fatal day; the fall of the monarchy was written in the names of the men who were employed to conduct it. Those men were devoted and faithful to it; but they were of another age, and of another thought: while the thought of the age went in one direction, they went in another. The separation was consummated in the mind: it could not be long retarded in fact; it was an event to be expected every day, every hour. I have bewailed that family, who appeared to be doomed to the destiny and blindness of *Œdipus*."

Soon afterwards he undertook his famous Eastern tour which his pen has immortalized, and which is no doubt familiar to all our readers, in his own glowing descriptions. The same previous to his departure from Marseilles is, however, less known.

At Marseilles his departure resembles an ovation. All that ardent, generous, poetical population, whose physiognomy, language, and imagination recall the origin of Marseilles, the daughter of ancient Phœcia; all that population surrounds the Poet. It is not solely by the members of the Academy of Marseilles that he is understood; everywhere he finds vivid sympathies and intelligent admiration, among the seamen of the pier, and the artisans, as among the fishermen of the bay of the Catalonians. When he passes through those wide and beautiful streets, where still the genius of Puget breathes, the passengers stop, bend with respect, and say, in pointing at him with their finger,—"Behold the Poet!"

And he, a spectator of the picturesque manners of the inhabitants of Marseilles, moved to tears by the splendid processions of the Fete-Dieu, which, following the example of the ancient theories of Greece, display themselves in the face of the Mediterranean, exclaims, "Behold Poetry!"

Marseilles could not fail to inspire it; her Academy held an extraordinary sitting, a brilliant society attended it from twenty leagues round; discourses were pronounced, verses recited: then the Poet read a Farewell to Marseilles, which he had composed the 28th of May in a maritime walk, between the isle of Pomègue and the coast of Provence: of which the following concluding stanzas are a specimen, in an English dress:—

Farewell, my sire, my sisters dear, again!
Farewell, my walnut-shaded place of birth!
Farewell, my steed, now loit'ring o'er the plain!
Farewell, my dog, now lonely on the hearth!
Your image haunts me like the shade of bliss;
Your voices lure me with their fond recall;
Soon may the hour arise, less dark than this,
The hour that re-unites us all!

And thou, my country, tossed by winds and seas
Like this frail bark on which my lot is cast,
Big with the world's yet unborn destinies,—
Adieu, thy shores glide from my vision fast.
O! that some ray would pierce the cloud that broods
O'er throne and temple, liberty and thee,
And kindle brighter o'er the restless floods,
The beacon-light of immortality!

And thou, Marseilles! at France's portals placed,
With thy white arms the coming guest to greet,
Whose haven, gleaming o'er the Ocean's breast,
Spreads like a nest each winged mast to meet;
Where many a hand beloved now presses mine,
Where my foot lingers still, as loth to flee,
Thine be my last departing accents—thine
My first returning greeting be!

On his return he was elected deputy for Dunkirk, and first appeared in the tribune of the Chamber on January 4, 1844.

The rest of his history is a part of the history of Europe.

The translations from his works which form the larger portion of this volume are not well

executed, nor do they fairly exhibit his poetical capacities. We, therefore, pass them over, but adding that the volume is very handsomely printed and bound so as to form an appropriate gift-book for the season.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Nineveh and its Remains; with an Account of a Visit to the Chaldean Christians of Kurdistan, and the Yezidis or Devil Worshipers; and an Inquiry into the Manners and Arts of the ancient Assyrians. By AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD, Esq., D.C.L. In 2 Volumes. Murray.

IN 1839 Mr. LAYARD, with a companion, wandered about Syria, in a fashion that permitted of the fullest enjoyment of the country, and the most intimate acquaintance with the people. "We rode alone," he says, "our arms were our only protection; a valise behind our saddles was our wardrobe; and we tended our own horses, except when relieved from the duty by the hospitable inhabitants of a Turcoman village, or an Arab tent." Having in this manner thoroughly explored both Syria and Asia Minor, he conceived a great desire to wander further East, and view the ruins of the ancient cities of Assyria. Thither he went, but want of money and of the necessary passports from the authorities compelled him to return, after having seen just enough to make him eager to see more. He went to Constantinople, and there for three years kept up a correspondence with M. Botta on the subject, until in 1845 the liberality of the English Ambassador enabled him to gratify his long-cherished purpose, and revisit the scene of the mighty ruins of the ancient world, supplied with all necessary means to pursue his investigations, and with the protection of the authorities in the process of digging and unearthing, always viewed with so much jealousy by the inhabitants, who imagine that nothing less than treasure-seeking could tempt a man to come so far on such an errand.

Mr. LAYARD laboured assiduously and successfully. His discoveries are not surpassed by any of his predecessors. A mere catalogue of the various remains which he exhumed would fill two or three Critics. Upon these we will not dwell in a notice intended for general readers, but for our illustrative extracts we will rather turn to his vigorous and graphic sketches of the people with whom he was thrown in contact; of their customs and manners, and of the adventures which befel him in his pilgrimages into the heart of the desert. In narrating such scenes he is rivalled only by Mr. WARBURTON, and for them he will be read with interest, even by those who do not concern themselves with his antiquarian discoveries and disquisitions.

The manner in which the Arabs viewed his discoveries is thus amusingly told:

On the morning following these discoveries, I rode to the encampment of Sheik Abd-ur-rahman, and was returning to the mound, when I saw two Arabs of his tribe urging their mares to the top of their speed. On approaching me they stopped. "Hasten, O Bey," exclaimed one of them—"hasten to the diggers, for they have found Nimrod himself. Wallah, it is wonderful, but it is true! we have seen him with our eyes. There is no God but God;" and both joining in this pious exclamation, they galloped off, without further words, in the direction of their tents.

On reaching the ruins, I descended into the new trench, and found the workmen, who had already seen me as I approached, standing near a heap of baskets and cloaks. Whilst Awad advanced and asked for a

present to celebrate the occasion; the Arabs withdrew the screen they had hastily constructed, and disclosed an enormous human head sculptured in full out of the alabaster of the country. They had uncovered the upper part of a figure, the remainder of which was still buried in the earth. I saw at once that the head must belong to a winged lion or bull, similar to those of Khorsabad and Persepolis. It was in admirable preservation. The expression was calm, yet majestic, and the outline of the features showed a freedom and knowledge of art, scarcely to be looked for in the works of so remote a period. The cap had three horns, and, unlike that of the human-headed bulls hitherto found in Assyria, was rounded and without ornament at the top.

I was not surprised that the Arabs had been amazed and terrified at this apparition. It required no stretch of imagination to conjure up the most strange fancies. This gigantic head, blanched with age, thus rising from the bowels of the earth, might well have belonged to one of those fearful beings which are pictured in the traditions of the country, as appearing to mortals slowly ascending from the regions below. One of the workmen, on catching the first glimpse of the monster, had thrown down his basket and run off towards Mosul as fast as his legs could carry him. I learnt this with regret, as I anticipated the consequences.

Whilst I was superintending the removal of the earth, which still clung to the sculpture, and giving directions for the continuation of the work, a noise of horsemen was heard, and presently Abd-ur-rahman, followed by half his tribe, appeared on the edge of the trench. As soon as the two Arabs had reached the tents, and published the wonders they had seen, every one mounted his mare and rode to the mound, to satisfy himself of the truth of these inconceivable reports. When they beheld the head, they all cried together, "There is no God but God, and Mahommed is his Prophet!" It was some time before the Sheikh could be prevailed upon to descend into the pit, and convince himself that the image he saw was of stone. "This is not the work of men's hands," exclaimed he, "but of those infidel giants of whom the Prophet, peace be with him! has said, that they were higher than the tallest date-tree: this is one of the idols which Noah, peace be with him! cursed before the flood." In this opinion, the result of a careful examination, all the bystanders concurred.

This is an account of

THE DEVIL WORSHIPPERS.

The Yezidis were, some years ago, a very powerful tribe. Their principal strongholds were the district which I was now visiting, and the Jabel Sinjar, a solitary mountain rising in the centre of the Mesopotamian desert to the north of Mosul. The last independent chief of the Yezidis of Sheikhan was Ali Bey, the father of Hussein Bey. He was beloved by his tribe, and sufficiently brave and skilful in war to defend them, for many years, against the attacks of the Kurds and Mussulmans of the plain. The powerful Bey of Rowandiz, who had united most of the Kurdish tribes of the surrounding mountains under his banner, and had defied for many years the Turks and the Persians, resolved to crush the hateful sect of the Yezidis. Ali Bey's forces were greatly inferior in numbers to those of his persecutor. He was defeated, and fell into the hands of the Rowandiz chief, who put him to death. The inhabitants of Sheikhan fled to Mosul. It was in spring; the river had overflowed its banks, and the bridge of boats had been removed. A few succeeded in crossing the stream; but a vast crowd of men, women, and children were left upon the opposite side, and congregated on the great mound of Kouyunjik. The Bey of Rowandiz followed them. An indiscriminate slaughter ensued; and the people of Mosul beheld, from their terraces, the murder of these unfortunate fugitives, who cried to them in vain for help—for both Christians and Mussulmans rejoiced in the extermination of an odious and infidel sect, and no arm was lifted in their defence. Hussein Bey, having been carried by his mother to the mountains, escaped the general slaughter. He was carefully brought up by the Yezidis, and from his infancy had been regarded as their chief.

The inhabitants of the Sinjar were soon after subdued by Mehmet Reshid Pasha, and a second time by Hafiz Pasha. On both occasions there was a massacre, and the population was reduced by three-fourths. The Yezidis took refuge in caves, where they were either

suffocated by fires lighted at the mouth, or destroyed by discharges of cannon.

It will be remembered that Mohammedans, in their dealings with men of other creeds, make a distinction between such as are believers in the sacred books, and such as have no recognized inspired works. To the first category belong Christians of all denominations, as receiving the two testaments; and the Jews, as followers of the old. With Christians and Jews, therefore, they may treat, make peace, and live; but with such as are included in the second class, the good Mussulman can have no intercourse. No treaty nor oath, when they are concerned, is binding. They have the choice between conversion and the sword, and it is unlawful even to take tribute from them. The Yezidis, not being looked upon as "Masters of a Book," have been exposed for centuries to the persecution of the Mahomedans. The harem of the south of Turkey have been recruited from them. Yearly expeditions have been made by the governors of provinces into their districts; and, whilst the men and women were slaughtered without mercy, the children of both sexes were carried off, and exposed for sale in the principal towns. These annual hunts were one of the sources of revenue of Beder Khan Bey; and it was the custom of the Pashas of Baghdad and Mosul to let loose the irregular troops upon the ill-fated Yezidis, as an easy method of satisfying their demands for arrears of pay. This system was still practised to a certain extent within a very few months; and gave rise to atrocities scarcely equalled in the better known slave trade. It may be hoped that the humane and tolerant policy of the Sultan, which has already conferred such great and lasting benefits upon multitudes of his subjects, will be extended to this unfortunate sect.

It was not unnatural that the Yezidis should revenge themselves, whenever an opportunity might offer, upon their oppressors. They formed themselves into bands, and were long the terror of the country. No Mussulman that fell into their hands was spared. Caravans were plundered, and merchants murdered without mercy. Christians, however, were not molested; for the Yezidis looked upon them as fellow-sufferers for religion's sake.

These acts of retaliation furnished an excuse for the invasion of the Sinjar by Mehmet Reshid and Hafiz Pashas. Since the great massacres which then took place, the Yezidis have been completely subdued, and have patiently suffered under their misfortunes. Their devotion to their religion is no less remarkable than that of the Jews; and I remember no instance of a person of full age renouncing his faith. They invariably prefer death, and submit with resignation to the tortures inflicted upon them. Even children of tender age, although educated in Turkish harems, and nominally professing the Mussulman religion, have frequently retained in secret the peculiar doctrines of the sect, and have been in communication with Yezidi priests.

The Yezidis recognize one Supreme Being; but, as far as I could learn, they do not offer up any direct prayer or sacrifice to Him. Sheikh Nasr endeavoured to evade my questions on this subject; and appeared to shun, with superstitious awe, every topic connected with the existence and attributes of the Deity. The common Mohammedan forms of expression—half oath, half ejaculation—are nevertheless frequently in the mouths of the people, but probably from mere habit. The name of the Evil Spirit is, however, never mentioned; and any allusion to it by others, so vexes and irritates them, that it is said they have put to death persons who have wantonly outraged their feelings by its use. So far is their dread of offending the Evil principle carried, that they carefully avoid every expression which may resemble in sound the name of Satan, or the Arabic word for "accursed." Thus, in speaking of a river, they will not say *Shat*, because it is too nearly connected with the first syllable in *Sheitan*, the Devil; but substitute *Nahr*. Nor, for the same reason, will they utter the word *Keitan*, thread or fringe. *Naal*, a horse-shoe, and *naal-band*, a farrier, are forbidden words; because they approach to *laan*, a curse, and *maloun*, accursed.

When they speak of the Devil, they do so with reverence, as *Melek Taous*, King Peacock, or *Melek el Kout*, the mighty angel. Sheikh Nasr distinctly admitted that they possessed a bronze or copper figure of a bird, which, however, he was careful in explaining was only looked upon as a symbol, and not as an idol. It always remains with the great Sheikh, and is carried with him wherever he may journey. When deputies are sent to

any distance to collect money for the support of the tomb and the priests, they are furnished with a small image of it (I understood the Sheikh to say made in wax), which is shown to those amongst whom they go, as an authority for their mission. This symbol is called the *Melek Taous*, and is held in great reverence. Much doubt has prevailed amongst travellers as to its existence; but Sheikh Nasr, when I had an opportunity of speaking to him in private, so frankly admitted it, that I consider the question as completely set at rest. The admission of the Sheikh is moreover confirmed, by the answer of the guardian of the tomb, to a question which I put to him on my first visit, when he was completely off his guard.

They believe Satan to be the chief of the Angelic host, now suffering punishment for his rebellion against the Divine will; but still all-powerful, and to be restored hereafter to his high estate in the celestial hierarchy. He must be conciliated and revered, they say; for as he now has the means of doing evil to mankind, so will he hereafter have the power of rewarding them. Next to Satan, but inferior to him in might and wisdom, are seven arch-angels, who exercise a great influence over the world; they are Gabrail, Michail, Raphail, Azrail, Dedrail, Azraphael, and Shem-keel. Christ, according to them, was also a great angel, who had taken the form of man. He did not die on the cross, but ascended to heaven.

They hold the Old Testament in great reverence, and believe in the cosmogony of Genesis, the Deluge, and other events recorded in the Bible. They do not reject the New Testament, nor the Koran; but consider them less entitled to their veneration. Still they always select passages from the latter for their tombs and holy places. Mohammed they look upon as a prophet; as they do Abraham, and the patriarchs.

They expect the second coming of Christ, as well as the re-appearance of Imaum Mehdi, giving credence to the Mussulman fables relating to him.

Sheikh Adi is their great saint; but I could not learn any particulars relating to him; indeed the epoch of his existence seemed doubtful.

They baptize in water, like the Christians; if possible, within seven days after birth. They circumcise at the same age, and in the same manner as the Mohammedans; and reverence the sun, and have many customs in common with the Sabaeans, with whom they have more in common than with any other sect.

Here is a specimen of his

DISCOVERIES.

I had business in Mosul, and was giving directions to the workmen to guide them during my absence. Standing on the edge of the hitherto unprofitable trench, I doubted whether I should carry it any further, but made up my mind at last not to abandon it until my return, which would be on the following day. I mounted my horse, but had scarcely left the mound when a corner of black marble was uncovered, lying on the very edge of the trench. This attracted the notice of the superintendent of the party digging, who ordered the place to be further examined. The corner was part of an obelisk, about seven feet high, lying on its side, ten feet below the surface.

An Arab was sent after me without delay to announce the discovery; and on my return I found the obelisk completely exposed to view. I descended eagerly into the trench; and was immediately struck by the singular appearance and evident antiquity of the remarkable monument before me. We raised it from its recumbent position, and with the aid of ropes speedily dragged it out of the ruins. Although its shape was that of an obelisk, yet it was flat at the top and cut into three gradines. It was sculptured on the four sides: there were in all twenty small bas-reliefs, and above, below, and between them, was carved an inscription 210 lines in length. The whole was in the best preservation; scarcely a character of the inscription was wanting; and the figures were as sharp and well defined as if they had been carved but a few days before. The king is twice represented, followed by his attendants; a prisoner is at his feet; and his vizir and eunuchs are introducing men leading various animals, and carrying vases and other objects of tribute on their shoulders or in their hands. The animals are the elephant, the rhinoceros, the Bactrian or two-humped camel, the wild bull, the lion, a stag, and various kinds of monkeys. Amongst the objects

carried by the tribute-bearers may perhaps be distinguished the tusks of the elephant, shawls, and some bundles of precious wood. From the nature, therefore, of the bas-reliefs, it is natural to conjecture that the monument was erected to commemorate the conquest of India, or of some country far to the East of Assyria and on the confines of the Indian peninsula.

(To be continued.)

What I saw in California in 1846 and 1847. By EDWARD BRYANT. Bentley.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

The present interest which attaches to everything relating to California tempts us to a few more gleanings from this volume. We let our traveller upon the boundary of the land of gold. Let us now follow him into it, promising that the wealth of its soil was then unknown and unsuspected.

First, for a description of the very place which is now attracting so many adventurers.

THE GOLD DISTRICT.

The Sacramento river, at this point, is a stream nearly half a mile in width. The tide rises and falls some two or three feet. The water is perfectly limpid and fresh. The river is said to be navigable for craft of 100 tons burden, at all seasons, a hundred miles above this place. In the season of high waters, from January to July, it is navigable a much greater distance. The Sacramento rises above latitude 42° north, and runs from north to south nearly parallel with the coast of the Pacific, until it empties into the bay of San Francisco by several mouths, in latitude 38½° north. It is fringed with timber, chiefly oak and sycamore. Grape-vines and a variety of shrubbery ornament its banks, and give a most charming effect when sailing upon its placid and limpid current. I never saw a more beautiful stream. In the rainy season, and in the spring, when the snows on the mountains are melting, it overflows its banks in many places. It abounds in fish, the most valuable of which is the salmon. These salmon are the largest and the fattest I have ever seen. I have seen salmon taken from the Sacramento five feet in length. All of its tributaries are equally rich in the finny tribe. American enterprise will soon develop the wealth contained in these streams, which hitherto have been entirely neglected.

The site of the town of Nueva Helvetia, which has been laid out by Captain Sutter, is about a mile and a half from the Sacramento. It is on an elevation of the plain, and not subject to overflow when the waters of the river are at their highest known point. There are now but two or three small houses in this town, but I have little doubt that it will soon become a place of importance.

It is scarcely possible to imagine a more delightful temperature, or a climate which is more agreeable and uniform. The sky is cloudless, without the slightest film of vapour apparent in all the vast azure vault. In the middle of the day the sun shines with great power, but in the shade it is nowhere uncomfortable. At night, so pure is the atmosphere, that the moon gives a light sufficiently powerful for the purposes of the reader or student who has good eyesight. There is no necessity of burning the "midnight oil." Nature here lights the candle for the bookworm.

On the 9th, we commenced preparations for leaving the fort for San Francisco, a journey by land of about two hundred miles. Our intention was to leave early the next morning. While thus engaged, some couriers arrived from the settlements on the Sacramento, about one hundred miles north, with the startling information that one thousand Walla-Walla Indians, from Oregon, had made their appearance in the valley, for hostile purposes. The couriers, who were themselves settlers, appeared to be in great alarm, and stated that they had seen the advance party of the Walla-Wallas, and that their object was to assault the fort for a murder which they alleged had been committed one or two years since, by an American upon a chief of their tribe, and for some indebtedness of Captain Sutter to them, in cattle, &c. In the event of a failure in their assault upon the fort, then they intended to drive off all the cattle belonging to the settlers in the valley. This was the substance of their information. It was so alarming that

we postponed at once our departure for San Francisco, and volunteered such assistance as we could render in defending the fort against this formidable invasion.

This is the town of

SAN FRANCISCO.

We reached the residence of Wm. A. Leidesdorff, Esq., late American vice-consul at San Francisco, when the sun was about an hour high. The morning was calm and beautiful. Not a ripple disturbed the placid and glassy surface of the magnificent bay and harbour, upon which rested at anchor thirty large vessels, consisting of whaler, merchantmen, and the U.S. sloop of war, *Portsmouth*, Captain Montgomery. Besides these, there were numerous small craft, giving to the harbour a commercial air of which some of the large cities on the Atlantic coast would feel vain. The bay, from the town of San Francisco due east, is about twelve miles in breadth. An elevated range of hills bounds the view on the opposite side. These slope gradually down, and between them and the shore there is a broad and fertile plain, which is called the *Contra Costa*. There are several small islands in the bay, but they do not present a fertile appearance to the eye.

The town of San Francisco is situated on the south side of the entrance, fronting on the bay, and about six miles from the ocean. The flow and ebb of the tide are sufficient to bring a vessel to the anchorage in front of the town, and to carry it outside, without the aid of wind, or even against an unfavourable wind. A more approachable harbour, or one of greater security, is unknown to navigators. The permanent population of the town is at this time between one and two hundred, and is composed almost exclusively of foreigners. There are but two or three native Californian families in the place. The transient population, and at present it is quite numerous, consists of the garrison of marines stationed here, and the officers and crews attached to the merchant and whale ships lying in the harbour. The houses, with few exceptions, are small abodes and frames, constructed without regard to architectural taste, convenience, or comfort. Very few of them have either chimneys or fire-places. The inhabitants contrive to live the year round without fires, except for cooking. The position of San Francisco for commerce is, without doubt, superior to any other port on the Pacific coast of North America. The country contiguous and tributary to it cannot be surpassed in fertility, healthfulness of climate, and beauty of scenery. It is capable of producing whatever is necessary to the sustenance of man, and many of the luxuries of the tropical climates, not taking into the account the mineral wealth of the surrounding hills and mountains, which there is reason to believe is very great. This place is, doubtless, destined to become one of the largest and most opulent commercial cities in the world, and, under American authority, it will rise with astonishing rapidity. The principal merchants now established here are Messrs. Leidesdorff, Grimes, and Davis, and Frank Ward, a young gentleman recently from New York. These houses carry on an extensive and profitable commerce with the interior, the Sandwich Islands, Oregon, and the southern coast of the Pacific. The produce of Oregon for exportation is flour, lumber, salmon, and cheese; of the Sandwich Islands, sugar, coffee, and preserved tropical fruits.

The following is the

NATURAL HISTORY OF CALIFORNIA.

The soil of that portion of California, between the Sierra Nevada and the Pacific, will compare, in point of fertility, with any that I have seen elsewhere. As I have already described such portions of it as have come under my observation, it is unnecessary for me here to descend to particulars. Wheat, barley, and other small grains, with hemp, flax, and tobacco, can be produced in all the valleys, without irrigation. To produce maize, potatoes, and other garden vegetables, irrigation is necessary. Oats and mustard grow spontaneously, with such rankness as to be considered nuisances upon the soil. I have forced my way through thousands of acres of these, higher than my head when mounted on a horse. The oats grow to the summits of the hills, but they are not here so tall and rank as in the valleys.

The varieties of grasses are greater than on the Atlantic side of the continent, and far more nutritious. I have seen seven different kinds of clover, several of them in a dry state, depositing a seed upon the ground

so abundant as to cover it, which is lapped up by the cattle and horses and other animals, as corn or oats, when thrashed, would be with us. All the grasses, and they cover the entire country, are heavily seeded, and when ripe, are as fattening to stock as the grains with which we feed our beef, horses, and hogs. Hence it is unnecessary, to the sustenance or fattening of stock, to raise corn for their consumption.

The principal product of the country has been its cattle and horses. The cattle are, I think, the largest and finest I ever saw, and the beef is more delicious. There are immense herds of these, to which I have previously referred; and their hides and tallow, when slaughtered, have hitherto composed the principal exports from the country. If I were to hazard an estimate of the number of hides annually exported, it would be conjectural, and not worth much. I would suppose, however, at this time (1847), that the number would not fall much short of 150,000, and a corresponding number of arrobas (25 pounds) of tallow. The average value of cattle is about five dollars per head.

The horses and mules are correspondingly numerous with the cattle; and although the most of them are used in the country, considerable numbers are driven to Sonora, New Mexico, and other southern provinces, and some of them to the United States, for a market. They are smaller than the American horses, and I do not think them equal for continuous hard service; but on short trips, for riding, their speed and endurance are not often, if ever, equalled by our breed of horses. The value of good horses is from ten to twenty-five dollars; of mares, five dollars. The prices, however, since the Americans came into the country, become fluctuating, and the value of both horses and cattle is increasing rapidly.

The wild animals of California are the wild horse, the elk, the black-tailed deer, antelope, grisly bear, all in large numbers. Added to these are the beaver, otter, coyote, hare, squirrel, and the usual variety of other small animals. There is not so great a variety of small birds as I have seen elsewhere. I do not consider that the country presents strong attractions for the ornithologist. But what is wanting in variety is made up in numbers. The bays and indentations on the coast, as well as the rivers and lakes of the interior, swarm with myriads of wild-geese, ducks, swans, and other water-birds. The geese and ducks are a mongrel race, their plumage being variegated, the same as our barn-yard fowls. Some of the islands in the harbour, near San Francisco, are white with the guano deposited by these birds; and boatloads of eggs are taken from them. The pheasant and partridge are abundant in the mountains.

Our traveller entertains the highest opinion of the salubrity of the

CLIMATE OF CALIFORNIA.

I have taken much pains to describe to the reader, from day to day, and at different points, during my travels in California, the temperature and weather. It is rarely so cold, in the settled portions of California, as to congeal water. But twice only while here I saw ice; and then not thicker than window-glass. I saw no snow resting upon the ground. The annual rains commence in November, and continue, with intervals of pleasant, spring-like weather, until May. From May to November, usually, no rain falls. There are, however, exceptions. Rain sometimes falls in August. The thermometer, at any season of the year, rarely sinks below 50° or rises above 80°. In certain positions on the coast, and especially at San Francisco, the winds rise diurnally, and blowing fresh upon the shore, render the temperature cool in midsummer. In the winter the wind blows from the land, and the temperature at these points is warmer. These local peculiarities of climate are not descriptive of the general climate of the interior.

For salubrity I do not think there is any climate in the world superior to that of the coast of California. I was in the country nearly a year, exposed much of the time to great hardships and privations, sleeping, for the most part, in the open air, and I never felt while there the first pang of disease, or the slightest indication of bad health. On some portions of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, where vegetation is rank, and decays in the autumn, the malaria produces chills and fever, but generally the attacks are slight, and yield easily to medicine. The atmosphere is so pure and preservative along the coast, that I never saw putrid flesh, al-

though I have seen, in midsummer, dead carcasses lying exposed to the sun and weather for months. They emitted no offensive smell. There is but little disease in the country arising from the climate.

And these are

THE MINERAL PRODUCTS OF CALIFORNIA.

In regard to the minerals of California, not much is yet known. It has been the policy of the owners of land upon which there existed minerals, to conceal them as much as possible. A reason for this has been, that the law of Mexico is such, that if one man discovers a mine of any kind upon another man's land, and the proprietor does not work it, the former may denounce the mine and take possession of it, and hold it so long as he continues to work it. Hence the proprietors of land upon which there are valuable mineral ores, conceal their existence as much as possible. While in California I saw quicksilver, silver, lead, and iron ores, and the specimens were taken from mines said to be inexhaustible. From good authority I learned the existence of gold and copper mines, the metals being combined; and I saw specimens of coal taken from two or three different points, but I do not know what the indications were as to quality. Brimstone, saltpetre, muriate and carbonate of soda, and bitumen, are abundant. There is little doubt that California is as rich in minerals of all kinds as any portion of Mexico.

The reader will be amused with the following description of

A CALIFORNIAN POST-OFFICE.

A sort of post-office communication is frequently established by the emigrant companies. The information which they desire to communicate is sometimes written upon the skulls of buffaloes—sometimes upon small strips of smooth planks, and at others a stake or stick being driven into the ground, and split at the top, a manuscript note is inserted in it. These are conspicuously placed at the side of the trail, and are seen and read by succeeding companies. One of the last-described notices we saw this morning. It purported to be written by the captain of a company from Platte county, Mo., a portion of which was bound for California, and a portion for Oregon. It consisted of sixty-six waggons. They had travelled up the Platte a considerable distance, passing through the Pawnee villages, with which Indians they had had some difficulties. They had also suffered much from the rains and high waters. They were now one day in advance of us. We found near the mouth of "Ash Hollow," a small log-cabin, which had been erected last winter by some trappers, returning to the "settlements," who, on account of the snows, had been compelled to remain here until spring. This rude structure has, by the emigrants, been turned into a sort of general post-office. Numerous advertisements in manuscript are posted on its walls outside, descriptive of lost cattle, horses, &c.; and inside, in a recess, there was a large number of letters deposited, addressed to persons in almost every quarter of the globe, with requests, that those who passed would convey them to the nearest post-office in the States. The place had something of the air of a cross-road settlement; and we lingered around it some time, reading the advertisements and overlooking the letters.

Six Weeks in Corsica. Illustrated with 14 highly finished etchings. By WILLIAM COWEN. London: Newby.

On the 12th August, 1840, Mr. Cowen, an artist of some distinction, having been informed that Corsica had never been explored by a British sketcher, quitted London for a tour in that island, taking Rome by the way. His route lay through Paris to Marseilles, and thence to Ajaccio by packet. His first impressions were anything but pleasing, for he was received in a miserable inn, and suspected of being a spy of the English government.

Serious annoyances, however, I did meet with, but they were occasioned by the French authorities, who regarded me as a spy of the English government; whatever I said to the contrary, they would not believe; saying, in reply to all my remonstrances, that an artist

could easily so disguise his purpose, that even the apparent sketch of the simplest object might, in reality, be the plan of a fort! Although I persisted in declaring, that my only object was to sketch for myself, and that I and my sister were not returning to England for some time, but actually going to Rome, Naples, &c., this answer was not deemed satisfactory, and the police were continually on the watch.

A worthy Corsican, a native of Ajaccio, who afterwards became our cicerone, told me, that I was followed in all my movements, and that, if I persisted in sketching in the suspected character of a spy, my dwelling-place would, ere long, be very probably a *dungeon*.

Assassinations are not uncommon, and, talking of them, Mr. Cowen relates the following curious

ADVENTURE AT ROME.

At the period above alluded to, I had been with an acquaintance to a *conversazione*, and subsequently went with him to his lodgings. After a short visit, I felt desirous of departing, when my Portuguese friend insisted upon my taking his toga and large sword-cane with me; as the night was dark (it was the month of December), and one or two murders had lately taken place, he thought it prudent I should not go unarmed. Being thus equipped, I left my friend's house (near Piazza Colonna), and on my way to my lodgings, as I was hastening from a narrow that leads to the above Piazza, I was suddenly stopped in the middle of it, by a bravo with a long drawn sword-cane. In an instant I stepped back, throwing my toga behind me, and crying out "*Prenez Garde*," whilst, at the same time, I attempted to run him through in his right shoulder; in this, however, I failed, but knocked him down flat on his back, and his sword was broken by the shock.

In our fall (for I also fell in the struggle), I was uppermost, and, while holding my sword, or dirk, over his neck, two other ruffians came behind me, and one of them attempted to give me a deadly thrust in the back. I parried it, and ran under a lamp in the corner of the street. There I was kept a prisoner, defending myself for some time, till I was at length released by the *gens d'armes*, who always parade the streets of Rome at night.

In the morning the Portuguese came to my lodgings, to ascertain if I had arrived safe, and then I learned, that he had enemies in three Frenchmen; I was taken for the Portuguese, both of us being tall. It was a mere mistake. The police found out my assailants, but I was advised not to prosecute.

The Corsicans, with the views of a half-civilized people, have also their virtues. Their hospitality is chivalrous in the extreme. Here is an anecdote of

CORSICAN HOSPITALITY.

The two families of Rocco and Polo had sworn eternal enmity against each other. The head of the latter was unhappily benighted in a terrible thunder storm: it is remarkable, that on these occasions, the whole atmosphere appears involved in a dense, dark, purple, haze, and as the lurid light is seen in the horizon, the vivid forked lightning seems to find fatal attraction among the mountain-passes of Monte d'Oro and Monte Rotondo. My informant described that storm as very like one we had witnessed a few days after our landing at Ajaccio. Polo had occasion to go to Orbellara.

He left his house as privately as possible, and consequently thought his malicious neighbours could not possibly be apprised of his journey. This dreadful storm, however, overtook him on his return homeward, and such was the awful suspense in which he continued for some minutes, that he became enervated: the lightning seemed to approach nearer and nearer, at times piercing the very thicket into which he had run for shelter.

In this perilous situation he resolved, in order to avoid Rocco's partizans, who might be lurking in ambush on his homeward path, to knock at once at his enemy's door, and demand Corsican protection. He did so. The servant, who opened the door, stood aghast, on beholding her master's enemy demanding admission.

On being informed of the strange and alarming apparition, Sigr. Rocco soon advanced, with a firm and slow step, to the door, and, with a chief's commanding voice, inquired the object of such an unceremonious visit.

"Hospitality," Polo replied. "I am in great danger to-night, not only from the frightful elements, which are whirling horrors about my head, but, also from your servants lying in ambush, who, I strongly suspect, have been instructed to intercept me on my way home. From these perils I am come to demand protection in the house of your ancestors."

"You shall have it," replied Rocco; "your confidence in me shall not be disappointed: you are welcome."

He introduced him to his family, who, after the first few minutes had passed, behaved courteously to him.

While at supper their conversation was principally about the common enemy, the Genoese, and other matters, that did not touch upon their family feud. When it was time to retire, Rocco led Polo to his bed-room.

"There," said he, "rest in peace; the honor of my house protects you."

Morning arrived; and more agreeable was the meeting on both sides; even the lady of the house said—

"*Dun giorno, signore, avete dormito bene?*"—"Good day, sir, have you slept well?"

To which he replied—

"*Sì, signora, vi ringrazio.*"—"Yes, madam, I thank you."

Still there seemed to be a gloom hanging over the whole party. In vain did the brave Polo endeavour to commence a cheerful conversation; and Rocco, equally noble in feeling and sentiment, failed to sustain it.

"*Non pioverà.*"—"It will not rain," said Polo; and Rocco's response was equally brief—

"*Credo di no.*"—"I believe not."

The vineyard and its produce at length formed a subject of conversation pleasing to all. In this manner did a short half-hour pass away, when Polo proposed going homeward. Rocco accompanied him to a boundary line, well known to both; and then came the trying moment. Rocco now addressed his adversary in these words—

"Although our families have long been sworn enemies, I hope you will do me the justice to admit that I have, in this instance, acted the part of an honourable man, and behaved, on this trying occasion, in a manner worthy the character of a Corsican; but, as I can never forget your family's insults, I declare honestly that I shall seek for revenge. We are again in the condition we were before you demanded my protection. If you can escape me—do; but I and my servants will keep a good watch over you and your family."

"No, no," said Polo, "this must not be. You have conquered me by your noble conduct. I am overwhelmed with gratitude for your late magnanimous forbearance and generous protection. From this moment I cease to be your enemy; indulge your feelings of revenge in what way you please, but my hands shall never be stained with the blood of the man who has saved my life. I know I have given you just cause of offence; but pray, from this time forward, let each of us forget and forgive."

Rocco's heart was moved: he paused: he felt that he was vanquished. The enmity of years was thus happily terminated, and the chieftains embraced each other; since that memorable occurrence both their families have lived in unbroken peace and friendship.

Of course he visited the

BIRTHPLACE OF NAPOLEON.

In the immediate vicinity of a *Place du Marche* is the little retired square, called *Place Letizia*, in which stands the house where Napoleon Bonaparte was born. On asking permission to sketch the interior; my request was courteously granted; but, I observed, the worthy family studiously avoided coming in contact with me, owing to the false report which the agent of the French police had set afloat respecting my being employed by our government as a spy. A servant of the house was allowed to wait upon me; and from her I learned the particular history of this noted mansion. All the rooms were respectably furnished: the one in which Napoleon was born had curtains hanging from its windows, as tender almost as tissue-paper, which the female attendant informed we were not allowed to be touched, except with the greatest possible care:

"For all things here," said she, "even to the chairs and tables, are held in the greatest veneration by the family who occupy the house, and are, indeed, regarded as sacred, because they all existed when Napoleon was born in this apartment."

And further on it is said—

The couch, on which Madame Bonaparte gave birth to the extraordinary infant, who was to be the wonder of the world, is still in existence.

As we were looking out of the window of the room, the servant pointed out to our observation a retired spot of ground, where Napoleon, in his childhood, used to play; it is at the present time richly ornamented with vases, full of rare plants, and kept in excellent order. Valery states, that, when he visited the room in which Bonaparte was born, it was in a state of great disorder, in consequence of its being cleansed for the reception of the parish priest, who, according to a custom in Corsica, goes regularly, at Easter, to pronounce a blessing on the house.

"Thus," he adds, "the apartment, and the cradle of Napoleon, is blessed every year—a pious honor denied to his tomb."

Here are some sketches of

CORSICAN MANNERS.

The Corsicans, like the Italians, consider their cousins as brothers, in the full sense of the word: they live in the same house from infancy to manhood, and share in each other's enjoyments as well as sorrows; and if you should talk with any of them about their family, they make use of no terms of distinction by which you can ascertain whether they are speaking of their brothers, sisters, or cousins. I remember, when at Tivoli, near Rome, observing to one of the members of a large family, that it seemed to be very numerous.

"Yes," was the reply, "we are twenty-five in number, and we always sit down at the same table."

The individuals, composing this family, though of different degrees of relationship, lived together on the most amicable terms and in the closest fraternal union, all sincerely regarding themselves as brethren.

The Corsicans have a favourite amusement, called *moresca*, a kind of sham-battle, on a large scale. In this well-counterfeited fight, vast numbers arrange themselves on a wide plain, as two hostile armies, and oppose each other *en masse*: whilst many contend, apparently with desperate valour, in single combat—the party, representing the enemies of the country, after much resistance, giving way and yielding to the superior prowess of the victorious band, personating the national troops. Thousands assemble together to witness this mimic picture of a grand engagement, in which they take great interest and delight, and so intensely are their feelings excited, by the alternate fortune of the well-contested field, that when the triumph of their own countrymen is, at length, announced by the shrill clamour of the martial trumpet, they swell the shout of jubilant applause.

The greater portion of the tourist's narrative consists of somewhat tedious descriptions of the annoyances to which he was subjected by the suspicions of the police, who persisted in taking him for a spy. The most valuable parts of the volume are the etchings and the notes, the latter being at least as copious as the text, and from them we gather some information relating to Corsica which may be interesting to our readers.

The island is famous for its

MARINE GROTTOS.

The marine grottoes of Corsica, abounding in crystallized spars of the most splendid lustre and curious forms, ought to be mentioned here amongst the natural curiosities of this interesting and picturesque island. One of these, "the spacious grotto of San Antonio," I quote the graphic description of Valery, "is remarkable for the regularity of its formation, its wide opening, and its majestic entablature of stalactites. The visitor is under the necessity of creeping on his hands, and providing himself with torches in order to penetrate into and retrace his steps on his return from the gloomy cavern of *Sant Bartolomeo*, the mysterious depths of which no one has yet been able to ascertain. This cavern, consisting of various grottoes that open into one another, derives its name from the oratory of the Saint which was above it, and which is at the present day a room shown to visitors (*salle de spectacle*). The entrance is obstructed by the sand and pebbles which the waves carry into it, and under its black arches, tapestried

with thick and useful maiden-hair, is a small lake, the water of which is clear as crystal, and both fresh and sweet—a real prodigy, since it is beneath the level of the sea.

In the middle of the rocky isthmus, called point *Sant Antonio*, at a place denominated *Montepertusato* (bored, or tunnelled mountain), a large opening, a sort of vestibule, or porch, leads to a spacious grotto that runs through the mountain, a luminous, elegant, ornamented gallery, respecting which it would be difficult to decide, whether it is a work of art, or one of the marvellous productions of nature.

Le Dragonale, or, in the dialect of Bonifacio, *Lo Sdragunan*, surpasses in magnificence all the other grottoes. A lofty portico, beaten by the waves, which sometimes dash themselves violently, and with a loud uproar, even against the pediment (*fronton*), introduce the visitor to it, when the wind admits of his entrance. Steps, formed by the action of the sea, conduct to an immense circular hall, a *saloon capable of accommodating eighty guests*, more truly such than those of our *Boulevards* and *our Barriers*, and in which the guests would be a little more at their ease. A neighbouring grotto, a dependency as it were, and office of the grand saloon, is so crowded with pigeons, that, on more than one occasion, they have been quickly conveyed from the dove-cote to the table.

The visitor, after thus far exploring the wonders of this marine grotto, again takes to his bark accompanied by joyous seals sporting about it, which he had first, perhaps, seen asleep in the fresh air on the rocks near the shore, like those of Proteus described by Virgil—

Sternunt se sonno diversæ in litore phocæ.
"The seals apart lay sleeping on the shore."
(Georg. IV., v. 432.)

He at last arrives, after passing through a vast and long corridor, at *Le Dragonale*, properly so called, a dome lighted from the sky, an admirable and skilful work of time and nature. This pantheon, which, instead of a pavement of granite and porphyry, presents to the view of the spectator, a transparent (*limpide*) inlaid-floor, the azure of which, when the sun-beams fall upon it, is reflected on the rugged architecture of the compartments, lined with clusters of myrtles, lentisques, and arbutuses in flower.

We conclude with a remarkable adventure of

THE BANDITTI AND THE ARTIST.

Travelling once on his way towards Rome, he called at a solitary Albergo to get some refreshment, and while he was making a hearty meal, three Romans entered the room, where he was dining. These cito passed rude remarks upon the man of Olevano, and called him *un abietto contadino*—"A paltry countryman:" as he took no notice of this slight insult, they annoyed him by more opprobrious appellations, and at length became so insolent as effectually to rouse his indignation.

"*Per Bacco*," he exclaimed, in relating the story, "I instantly drew this beautiful stiletto (it belonged to my ancestors), and, as quick as lightning, I struck it into the heart of one of the Poltroni! The other two instantly fled."

At this part of his recital, his wife and children cried out, "Bravo!"

"Then," continued he, "I had the pleasure of seeing my reviler stagger thus,"—here he imitated the action of the dying man. A Kean could not have represented this horrid transaction more to the life than this exulting murderer: for what other name can we give to the perpetrator of such a bloody deed?

He had scarcely replaced his stiletto in his inner waistcoat-pocket, when he was struck dumb with horror at the unexpected entrance of the bandit captain, Borboni, and his numerous gang.

"Where is the German Baron?" the audacious robber demanded. "O, you are there," said he, as he forced his way into another room, into which the trembling artist had fled for concealment; "we have long been expecting you—up, man! we must be off before the storm abates, and we have the cowardly *Giandarmeria* upon us."

The unhappy German in vain endeavoured to persuade this mountain savage, that he was worth only six scudi. Headless of his protestations, "*Andiamo, Andiamo*," (come along, come along,) cried Borboni,

"when we have secured you in our mountain cave, we will try your courage, and test your story."

He hastily seized his colour-box, and buckled it on his back, when his hand quickened the affrighted student's lingering steps with the threatening point of their stilettoes. In less than two hours they reached, in safety, their mountain den, where the dreadful trial commenced.

The robber-chieftain told him they had good reason to suspect, that he was the very identical rich German Baron, who, as they had been informed, was travelling in disguise of a painter.

"Here, Signor Tedesco," said he, placing them before him, "are pen, ink, and paper—write down your ransom—five hundred scudi—a small sum for your release. Tell your friends, if this be not paid by this day week, your head will be struck off your shoulders. I will take care it is safely delivered."

Instead of obeying this peremptory order, the misnamed Baron persisted that he was only a German painter, who came to Italy for improvement in his art, and, after much useless threatening, the captain of the banditti loaded his pistol with ball, and ordered his men to bind the terrified student to a piece of timber, that lay upon the ground. Then, retiring a short distance, he took aim, and fired—the ball whistled close to the ear of the unhappy German. Poor fellow! he afterwards told his friends in Rome, that, at this moment, he actually thought he had been shot; such was the paralyzing effect produced on him by fear. Even terror, however, did not make him confess that he was a baron. The chief held a consultation with his companions, as to what they should do with the poor painter, for they still thought he was only obstinate, and wished to save his purse: his six scudi they had already seized, and this trifling sum only whetted their appetite for more. They, therefore, subjected his fortitude to another more barbarous trial. Having sharpened his stiletto on the rock of the cave (the friction of the steel, against the hard granite, producing sparks of fire—no very agreeable sight for the appalled prisoner to behold), the captain in an instant pulling back the poor student's head with his left hand, whilst he firmly grasped the knife with his right, whirled the point of it round his neck, making, by its circular incision, a crimson ring!

"Now," said the German, as he related to his friends the fearful circumstances of this tragical scene, "my sufferings were consummated. I felt the blood flowing round my devoted neck, and really believing I was a dying man, I fervently implored the God of mercy to receive my soul. All this time I heard the murderous gang laughing at my terror and agony like inhuman fiends. A long pause ensued: for the captain began at last to think he had mistaken his victim, and that, instead of being a German baron, I was, what I had truly represented myself, a simple painter—with some pretension, perhaps, to the character of a philosopher, as I had gone through this terrible ordeal, without sinking under its horrors."

The sufferer was now liberated from his bonds: but he was informed, that another proof was required of his being only an artist:—

"You shall paint my portrait," said the savage Borboni, "and, if you do this to my satisfaction, you shall be instantly allowed to depart."

The anxious painter opened his box with a trembling hand, and soon mixed his colours on the palette. He gave himself no time to sketch the outline of the robber's countenance, but at once commenced with his brush full of umber, with which he formed his *chiaro scuro*; then with a pointed pencil (sable,) he drew the details of the features of this far-famed captain, and as quickly as his trembling hands and shaking nerves would permit, he laid in the deep-toned flesh-tints of this man of rapine and plunder. Happily for the imprisoned artist, his attempt was a most successful one. The captain and his gang cried out "*Ben fatto*,"—(well done.)

"No doubt, young man," said the now convinced and relenting bandit, "you are an artist, and we have lost the baron—you are certainly not the man we took you for." The captain conducted him to a place of safety, and there addressed him in these words:—"Beyond this point you will not meet with any of my band, and there is your road to Rome: but stay a moment—here are your six scudi, and one more as a gift. Before, however, we finally part, I have a request to make: if you have influence enough at Rome to get my portrait shown

to his Holiness, I shall be glad to hear the Pope has seen it." Shaking him by the hand, he said, "*Buon giorno, e buon viaggio*,"—"good day and a good journey to you." I believe the portrait was sent to the Vatican.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Letters of Rusticus, on the Natural History of Godalming. London: Van Voorst.

WELCOME is every contribution to the boundless History of Nature. There is not a rural parish in England, which, to a keen observer, would not yield materials for a volume of deepest interest, gleaned entirely from the animal world. No better proof of this could be found than the volume before us, the contents of which were originally contributed to the *Magazine of Natural History*, but have now been worthily collected, and should be added to the Naturalist's Library, and placed upon school-room shelves, to give to the former added knowledge, and to teach the readers of the latter, how they may make good use of their eyes. The style of these letters also is very pleasing and reminds us much of WHITE. As witness this account of

THE BLACK-CAP.

The blackcap is abundant with us: it comes on the 13th of April, and stays and sings all the summer through. Nothing ever delights me more than the song of this bird. He has decidedly more compass and variety than any other English bird, except the nightingale: he begins with a soft low melodious whistle, like the voice of the nightingale heard afar off, or the whistle of a countryman at a distance, softened into melody by the surrounding hills; it comes nearer and nearer, louder and louder, a series of varied, rich, liquid, and sonorous notes, till all at once you are astonished to find the little bird, from whose throat such surpassing melody is poured, is sitting in a bush by your side, or on the branch of a tree close over your head. But notwithstanding all the wildness and variety of the blackcap's song, there is a vast deal of method in it. It is quite worth while to listen attentively to him, and you find that his usual song is very tune-like, and might readily be imitated on the flute or flageolet. Sometimes, after he has gone through his tune several times in succession, he will introduce a few notes as from a march, and then all at once he will give you a delicious and off-hand imitation of the song-thrush, blackbird, or even nightingale.

And this of a very rare bird

THE FURZE WREN.

We have a bird common here, which, I fancy, is almost unknown in other districts, for I have scarcely ever seen it in collections; and, from the few remarks about it and sketches of it in natural histories, no correct idea can be formed. I mean the Furze-wren, or, as authors are pleased to call it, the Dartford warbler. We learn that the epithet Dartford is derived from the little Kentish town of that name, and that it was given to the furze-wren because it was first noticed in that neighbourhood: the term "warbler" is inappropriate, as the furze-wren is a poor warbler. If you have ever watched a common wren (a kitty wren we call her), you must have observed that she cocked her tail bolt upright, strained her little beak at right angles, and her throat in the same fashion, to make the most of her *fix-gig* of a song, and kept on jumping and jerking and frisking about, for all the world as though she was worked by steam; well, that's more the character of the Dartford warbler, or, as we call it, the furze-wren. When the leaves are off the trees, and the chill winter winds have driven the summer birds to the olive gardens of Spain, or across the Straits, the furze-wren is in the height of his enjoyment. I have seen them by dozens skipping about the furze, lighting for a moment upon the very point of the sprigs, and instantly diving out of sight again, singing out their angry impatient ditty, for ever the same. Perched on the back of a good tall nag, and riding quietly along the outside, while the foxhounds have been drawing the furze-fields, I have often

seen these birds come to the tops of the furze. They are, however, very hard to shoot; darting down directly they see the flash, or hear the cap crack, I don't know which. I have seen excellent shots miss them, while rabbit-shooting with beagles. They prefer those places where the furze is very thick, high, and difficult to get in. This bird breeds every year in the furze-bushes on Munstead, High-down, Headley, Elstead, and many other heaths in our neighbourhood. And although it is so common in the winter, and so active and noisy when disturbed by dogs and guns, still, in the breeding season, it is a shy skulking bird, hiding itself in thick places, much in the manner of the grasshopper lark, and seldom allowing one to hear the sound of its voice. And by the way, the furze-wren is not the only bird that breaks out into a kind of song when frightened or disturbed. I have often obtained a ditty from the sedge-bird by throwing a stone into a bush where I knew he was lurking; and even from the nightingale, by following him immediately after his arrival; his song, however, would consist only of two or three bars, preceded and followed by abundance of angry "churrs."

Our readers would be as pleased as ourselves, were we enabled to introduce to them, in every number, some such delightful book on Natural History as this.

SCIENCE.

Cosmos: a Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe. By ALEX. VON HUMBOLDT. Translated from the German, by E. C. OTTE. In 2 vols. London: Bohn.

TWICE or thrice already have we had occasion to review translations of HUMBOLDT's most famous work, each one aiming to supply, by still diminishing prices, the growing demand of the public to become acquainted with a book whose renown had spread with unprecedented rapidity through the whole civilized world. A general description of its contents was then given, accompanied with extracts, for then it was new to our readers. Since that period, it has been perused by most of them, either bodily or in the form of multitudinous reviews, quarterly, monthly, and weekly, so that nothing remains for us now but to announce as a matter of literary intelligence that Mr. BOHN has procured a careful translation to be made of it for his *Scientific Library*, where it appears in two handsome volumes at less than one half of the cost of any former edition. Indeed, it is now brought within the purchasing powers of every person capable of profiting by its wonderful view of the Universe.

A Lecture on the New Planet, Neptune, and its discovery. By JAMES JERWOOD, M.A. Longman and Co.

THIS Lecture was lately delivered to the Exeter Literary Society and was received with immense applause by the audience. It is the most complete account of the discovery of the new planet which has yet been published, and vindicates the claim of our countryman to the honour which has been wrested from him by a foreigner. It is written with great spirit and eloquence, and well deserves the approval it received.

FICTION.

Friends and Fortune: a Moral Tale. By ANNA HARRIET DRURY. London: Pickering. 1849.

MISS DRURY has by this volume established the claim which she preferred, in her first poem, to a distinguished place among the writers of the time. *Friends and Fortune* exhibits the best evidence, not merely of genius, but of that which is indispensable even to genius itself, industry, by which alone improvement can be effected. We notice the absence of many faults; the presence of many beauties invisible before. There is the firmness of touch which practice gives; the self-reliance which springs from experience; the simplicity of expression which is the latest lesson learned by the young author. The title indicates the design of this story. A fine religious tone prevails throughout, removed equally from cant and from carelessness:—the

religion which is of the heart, and not the mere religion of form or sect. We will not attempt to trace the story, which is deeply interesting and absorbs the attention from the very first chapter. The characters are delicately drawn, and engage the reader's regards by the evident truthfulness of the portraits, as if the authoress had drawn from real life rather than from her imagination. We commend it to the perusal of those who love a story that is quietly pleasing rather than exciting. We hope ere long to welcome Miss DRURY in some more ambitious attempts.

Duodecimo: or the Scribbler's Progress. An Autobiography, written by an Insignificant Little Volume and Published Likewise by itself. London: Newby. 1849.

THIS book has puzzled us. It contains a great deal that is clever and entertaining mixed with much that is dull. The author appears to have no definite aims in it; he discourses on all sorts of topics, religious, political, literary, statistical, economical; nothing escapes his satire; but then it is not very pointed; it does not always strike, and it is not calculated to inflict a mortal wound. He broaches plans for education, for colonization, and we knew not what besides, which would have been better suited to the columns of a newspaper than the pages of a novel. We hope in his next attempt the writer will employ his undoubted abilities more profitably, and avoid the fatal endeavour to mingle styles and topics that are perfectly incompatible.

Family Pictures, from the German of Augustus la Fontaine. Simms and McIntyre.

The Tithe Proctor. By WILLIAM CARLETON. Simms and McIntyre.

THESE are the latest additions to that remarkable series of publications called "The Parlour Library," which must be sufficiently familiar to our readers, for where is it not to be found?

Family Pictures is the German *Vicar of Wakefield*, which it greatly resembles in being the simple story of a village pastor and his family, and in the profound interest which it excites, although the materials for the romantic are entirely wanting. The composition is in the best manner of the German school and the train of moral teaching is of the loftiest. It is a book which might not only be placed with safety in the hands of young persons, but which they ought to read; they will learn from it many a wholesome lesson for their guidance in life.

CARLETON's *Tithe Proctor* is an original novel, and one of the most powerful of his fictions. It is, as usual, a vivid picture of Irish life, and, although painful, deeply interesting, and conveys practical hints which may be useful at this time when the condition of that country must occupy the thoughts of all who reflect.

A Sequel to the Adventures in Circassia. By the Rev. W. WICKENDEN, B.A. London: Slee and Son.

WE noticed at considerable length the little volume to which this is a sequel. We had then some doubt whether the adventures it narrated did not partake more of fiction than of fact. We have now no doubt, and, therefore, we can commend it only as an ingenious and not uninteresting effort of a clever and imaginative pen, which has made good use of a knowledge of Circassia and its people, probably obtained during a residence there.

The History of Samuel Titmarsh, and the Great Hoggarty Diamond. London: Bradbury and Evans. 1849.

It is stated in the preface, that this story, whose reputation was great at the time of its anonymous publication, and has been growing ever since, was actually refused by one of the Magazines (Blackwood we presume,) before it was accepted by Fraser, in whose pages it appeared, and that *Vanity Fair* even was rejected in like manner. To this may be added the fact that Warren's *Diary of a Physician* was offered to, and refused by, several of the Magazines! These incidents would seem to argue an uncommon want of perception of merit on the part of the Editors. But that would not be a correct conclusion. The truth is, that every established Magazine, has a circle of contributors, to

whom the Editor is in some measure compelled to give the preference over strangers, inasmuch as they calculate upon the regular sale of their papers as a portion of their income, and they could not continue to be connected with one which did not give them regular employment.

The Great Hoggarty Diamond was a satire on the speculative mania of the period at which it was written; but the moral it teaches is equally pertinent now, and always will be. It is written with all the humour and graphic skill for which Mr Thackeray is distinguished, and next to *Vanity Fair* is his best work. In this complete and collected form, it is handsomely printed and decorated, and a great number of very clever engravings add much to its interest and value as a drawing-room book.

The Waverley Novels. Cabinet Edition. Vols. 29 and 30. Cadell.

THE two new volumes of this, the cheapest and the most beautiful and convenient of the many editions of the works of SCOTT, for which the public is indebted to the taste and enterprise of the late Mr. CADELL, contain *Peveril of the Peak*, with all the notes of the author, handsomely printed, and elegantly bound in green and gold, and illustrated with four steel engravings, views of Haddon Hall, and of Castle Rushin, Castleton.

POETRY.

Sunrise in Italy, etc. Reveries. By HENRY MORLEY. London: Chapman.

WITH much that is graceful in diction, poetical in thought, and generous in sentiment, there is also in this volume much that is, in our opinion, mistaken in principle, and crude in philosophy. It is evidently the production of a young, ardent, imaginative, and highly-cultivated mind; but of a mind conversant with ideas rather than facts, and consequently, whose opinions are theoretical rather than practical.

Sunrise in Italy, the first and longest poem, is descriptive of the accession of PIUS IX. to the Papal chair, and the dawn of mental and spiritual liberty consequent thereon. The course of events since that period, at least as regards the Pope, must have somewhat thrown out the poet in his calculations. But the poem is not confined to this theme. With it are mingled discussions on politics, religion, and education, on all of which subjects, we think, the ends proposed by the author are more commendable than the means he recommends are adapted to obtaining them. His theories on most subjects seem to us visionary, and at variance with the lessons taught by actual experience. But, whatever may be Mr. MORLEY's views, he is evidently sincere, earnest, and enthusiastic. The following sonnet may serve in part to illustrate some of our remarks:

A blessing on the breath of Pestilence
To the most squalid tenements of man
Must penetrate. No curse is in the plan
Of Providence. "Arise, let us go hence
To Heavenly mansions," through damp hovels, dense
With subtle poison, doth the voice exclaim
Of Cholera. She with this mission came
From God entrusted. "Be thou the defence
Of men against aggression from mankind.
Through cities of the world thy passage wing.—
When Poverty polluted thou shalt find,
Pause: the wronged poor into My Bosom bring,
And daunt the wronger with thy dragon sting,
Till Death of Duty shall his soul remind."

MOST assuredly we believe with Mr. MORLEY that there is "A blessing on the breath of Pestilence." In part we may feel and see in what this blessing consists. In part, no doubt, it does consist in the effect he alludes to in the last line of the sonnet. But, in part also, to us who have not penetrated into the counsels of the Eternal, and whose sight is now but "through a glass, darkly," it must ever remain

mysterious. We must put it with many other dispensations of a similar nature, in what Luther terms, "that place, called Faith," and which he defines to be "that in which subsist all things which we can neither see nor understand." The poet, however, has been remarkably unfortunate in the illustration of his doctrine. Take the following clause of the commission given to *Cholera*:

When Poverty polluted thou shalt find,
Pause;—

If Mr. MORLEY has, as we have, been living for some weeks past in the immediate neighbourhood of this dread Destroyer, he may have learned that it does not *pause* where it finds "poverty polluted." The first victims of this disease in any place, it is well known, are generally the intemperate and the dissolute, and with such it proves most fatal. And this, by one of those immutable laws of Nature which bear witness for the immutability of Nature's God. Why the sinner should be cut off in his sins, is, however, precisely one of those mysteries to which we have already referred. Most heartily, however, do we concur with Mr. MORLEY in regarding it as guilt and impiety in man to arrogate to himself the attribute of God, and dare by a law in distinct contravention of every principle and precept of Christian doctrine, to destroy a life which it has not pleased the Giver to resume. With him, most earnestly do we long for the day which shall shine on the entire abolition of capital punishment.

The poem in the book which pleases us most is one entitled *Nemophil*. It is founded on a circumstance somewhat similar to that celebrated by the Ettrick Shepherd in the exquisite tale of "Kilmeny." *Nemophil* is distinguished by considerable beauty of conception, and much grace and tenderness of execution. As a favourable specimen of Mr. MORLEY's powers we select a descriptive passage from this poem, premising that *Senimar*, a fairy Queen, to escape the unworthy love of the chieftain of a giant tribe, had been metamorphosed into a beautiful lake, whilst the spoiler and his followers had at the same time been transformed into a gigantic forest, surrounding the pellucid waves of *Senimar*: at least, so said the legend of the locality.

Moonlight upon the shore, upon the wave,
Moonlight upon the leafy capital
Of each eternal column. Broken rays
Through the wet foliage, shine among the group
Of tremblers. And across Ione's face
A mild ray falls.

The lake doth smile again.

Men trust thy story, gazing thus on thee.
Pale *Senimar*, dear wood-encircled sea.
As queenly now and fair to look upon
As when—ere yet within thine elfin court
Unwonted loves were told—the fairy troop
Paid to thee willing homage. Homage still
The fairies bring. Each summer breeze which goes
Whispering, at twilight through that forest hoar,
Plucks the ripe leaves from every day-kissed rose,
And strews its burden on thy tranquil shore.

The summer night looks with a thousand eyes
Upon the flood; the spirit of each star,
Leaving its wondrous home in ether, lies
Upon thy pulseless breast, pale *Senimar*.

As many petals as the breeze doth bring;
As many stars as mingle with thy sheen;
So many fairies still around thee sing;
So many subjects still, do serve thee still their Queen.

Intently through the starry firmament
Ione gazes. Her calm prayer hath ceased,
The very breath which wafted it to heaven
Seems lingering in heaven with the prayer.
Her bosom is all still. Strange harmonies
The woodmen hear,—above, around,—they seem,
Following softly where a ray hath trod,
Like moonbeam music, hymns which light may sing,
Wandering from heaven through the worlds of God.

King Arthur. By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON. Author of the "New Timon." In 2 vols. Colburn.

At length the authorship of "*The New Timon*" is formally acknowledged. Rumour attributed it to Sir E. B. LYTTON, but it was strenuously disclaimed by him, or those who spoke and wrote for him, and although the style was his, and his the strain of the sentiment, and the turn of the satire, the disclaimer was believed and curiosity at last wore itself in vainly seeking, "If it be not his, whose can it be?"

The parentage is now confessed, and we find no fault with the author for concealing his identity, holding that a writer is fully entitled to do so if he pleases. Whether in such circumstances a positive denial is justifiable, we are not prepared to say, but the point has been fully argued in SCOTT's Introduction to the *Waverley Novels*, and decided by him in the affirmative, for reasons assigned which we are not prepared to answer.

The epic before us would be a bold attempt at any time; but in this anti-poetical age it is alike bold and hazardous. Yet has it not been undertaken without much deliberation and forethought. The author tells us, in his preface,

It has not been, says he, hastily conceived or lightly undertaken. From my earliest youth the subject I have selected has haunted my ambition—for twenty years it has rested steadily on my mind, in spite of other undertakings, for the most part not wholly ungenial,—since a lengthened and somewhat various practice in the conception and conduct of imaginative story, ought to be no disadvantageous preparation for a poem which seeks to construct from the elements of national romance something approaching to the completeness of epic narrative. If my powers be unequal to the task I have assumed, at least I have waited in patience until they were matured and disciplined to such strength as they might be enabled to attain;—until taste, if erroneous, could be corrected, invention, if sterile, be enriched, by some prolonged apprenticeship to the principles of art, by the contemplation of its masterpieces in many languages, and by such familiarity with the resources of my native tongue as study and practice could permit me to obtain. But every one knows the proverb, that "the poet is born, the orator made";—and though, perhaps, it is only partially true that the "poet is born," and a slight examination of the higher order of poets will suffice to show us that they themselves depended very little on the innate faculty, and were not less diligent in self-cultivation than the most laborious orator,—yet it would be in vain to deny that where the faculty itself is wanting no labour can supply the defect: and if certain critics are right in asserting that that defect is my misfortune, I must content myself with the sombre reflection that I have done my best to counteract the original unkindness of nature. I have given to this work a preparation that, evincing my own respect to the public, entitles me in return to the respect of a just hearing and a fair examination: if the work be worthless, it is at least the worthiest it is in my power to perform,—and on this foundation, however hollow, I know that I rest the least perishable monument of those thoughts and those labours which have made the life of my life.

We have not space to go into a minute review of this volume, especially as we have obtained a sight of it only on a brief temporary loan; but the somewhat hasty perusal we have been enabled to make has left upon us the impression that BULWER (for we must call him by the name which he has made famous,) is not by nature a poet. Yet we find it difficult to define in what elements it is that he is wanting. Imagination he can boast in large measure; in all the mechanism of verse, musical rhythm, and ready rhyme, he is perfect. His mastery of words is wonderful; and for *sentiment* he has no rival out of Germany. Wherefore then do we feel, as we read, that there is before us a work of high art but not a great poem?

If we might hazard a conjecture, his defect consists in the absence of *passion*. He philosophises rather than feels. He contemplates emotions and describes them, instead of expressing them. Hence he kindles no sympathies in the minds of his readers, and sympathy is the secret power of true poetry. Homer, Milton, Dante, felt the passions they painted, and feeling, they embodied them in natural phrase, which every other mind immediately recognizes as the utterance of nature, and events and persons so described have the aspect of reality, and rouse in us the same loves and hates, the same curiosity and interest, as if we were contemplating bodily

and not merely ideal forms. The difference between BULWER and the great poets is the difference between listening to a clever description of a picture and viewing the picture itself.

Hence it is, that, with many passages of true poetry, the whole is not a great poem: hence, too, it is why the best portions of it are those which are directed to satire. In a former notice of the first part we briefly described the plan of the poem; it will not, therefore, be necessary to repeat it now, but we will content ourselves with two or three passages which will serve to illustrate our remarks.

There is power in the following description of

PAUPERISM.

Slow fades the pageant, and the Phantom stage
As slowly all'd with squalid, ghastly forms;
Here, over fireless hearths cowered shivering Age
And blew with feeble breath dead embers;—storms
Hung in the icy welkin; and the bare
Earth lay forlorn in Winter's charnel air.
And Youth, all labour-bow'd, with withered look,
Kneel'd by a rushing stream whose waves were gold,
And sought with lean strong hands to grasp the brook,
And clutch the glitter lapsing from the hold,
Till with mad laugh it ceased, and, tottering down
Fell, and on frowning skies scowl'd back the frown.

No careless Childhood laughed disportingly,
But dwarf'd, pale mandrakes with a century's gloom
On infant brows, beneath a Poison-tree
With skeleton fingers plied a ghastly loom,
Mocking in cynic jests life's gravest things,
They wove gay King-robcs, muttering "What are Kings?"

And thro' that dreary Hades to and fro,
Stalk'd all unheeded the Tartarean Guests;
Grim Discontent that loathes the Gods, and Woe
Clasping dead infants to her milkless breasts;
And maddening Hate, and Force with iron heel,
And voiceless Vengeance sharp'ning secret steel.

And, hand in hand, a Gorgon-visag'd Pair,
Envy and Famine, halt with livid smile,
Listening the Demon-Orator Despair,
That, with a glozing and malignant guile,
Seems sent the gates of Paradise to ope,
And lures to Hell by simulating Hope.

And there is poetry in

THE VISION OF KING ARTHUR.

Lo the fair stream amidst that pleasant vale,
Wherein his youth held careless holiday;
The stream is blithe with many a silken sail,
The vale with many a proud pavilion gay,
And in the centre of the rosy ring,
Propp'd on his arm, reclines himself the King.

All, all the same as when his golden prime
Lay in the lap of Life's soft Arcady;
When the light love beheld no foe but time,
When but from Pleasure heaved the prophetic sigh,
And Luxury's prayer was as "a Summer day,
'Mid blooms and sweets to wear the hours away."

"Behold," the Genius said, "is that thy choice
As once it was?"—"Nay, I have wept since then,"
Answered the mortal with a mournful voice,
"When the dew falls, the stars arise for men!"
So turn'd he to the second arch to see
The imperial peace of tranquil majesty—

The kingly throne, himself the dazzling king;
Bright arms, and jewell'd vests, and purple stoles;
While silver winds, from many a music string,
Ripp'd the wave of glittering banderolls:
From mitred priests and crimson barons, clear
Came the loud praise which monarchs love to hear!

"Doth this content thee?"—"Ay," the Prince replied,
And towered erect, with empire on his brow;
"Ay, here at once a Monarch may decide,
Be but the substance worthy of the show;
Courts are not States—let me see men!—behind
Where stands the People?—Genius, lift the blind!"

As a specimen of his satirical powers take this description of

THE REVOLUTION OF FEBRUARY.

King Mob succeeded to the vacant throne,
Chose for his ministers some wise Chaldeans,—
Who told the sun to close the day at noon,
Nor sweat to death his betters the plebeians;
And bade the earth, unrevexed by plough and spade,
Bring forth its wheat in quarters ready made.

The sun refused the astronomic feat;
The earth declined to bake the corn it grew;
King Mob then ordered that a second riot
Should teach Creation what it had to do.
"The sun shines on, the earth demands the tillage,
Down Time and Nature, and hurrah for pillage!"

Then rise en masse the burghers of the town;
Each patriot breast the fires of Brutus fill;
Gentle as lambs when riot reach'd the crown,
They rag'd like lions when it touch'd the till.
Rush'd all who boasted of a shop to rob,
And stout King Money soon dethron'd King Mob.

This done, much scandalized to note the fact,
That o'er the short tyrannic rise the tall,
The middle-sized a penal law enact
That henceforth height must be the same in all;
For being each born equal with the other,
What greater crime than to outgrow your brother?
Poor Vandals, do the towers, when foes assail,
So idly soar above the level wall?
Harmonious Order needs its music scale;
The Equal were the discord of the All.
Let the wave undulate, the mountain rise;
Nor ask from Law what Nature's self denies.
O vagrant Muse, deserting all too long,
Freedom's grand war for frenzy's goblin dream,
The hour runs on, and redemands from song,
And from our Father-land the mighty theme.
The Pale Horse rushes and the trumpets swell,
King Crida's hosts are storming Carduel.

We conclude with

THE FATES.

A mighty cirque with lustre belts the mine;
Its walls of iron glittering into steel;
Wall upon wall reflected flings the shine
Of armour! Vizorless the Corpses knell,
Their glaz'd eyes fixed upon a couch where, screen'd
With whispering curtains, sleeps the Kingly Fiend:
Corpses of giants, who perchance had heard
The trumps of Tubal, and had leapt to strife,
Whose guilt provoked the Deluge: sepulchred
In their world's ruins, still a frown like life
Hang o'er vast brows,—and spears like turrets shone
In hands whose grasp had crush'd the Mastodon.
Around the couch, a silent solemn ring,
They whom the Teuton call the Valkyrs, sate.
Shot thro' pale webs their spindles glistening;
Dread tissues woven out of human hate
For heavenly ends!—for there is spun the woe
Of every war that ever earth shall know.
Below their feet a bottomless pit of gore
Yawned, where each web, when once the woof was done,
Was scornful cast. Yet rising evermore
Out of the surface, wandered airy on
(Till lost in upper space) pale winged seeds
The future heaven-fruit of the hell-born deeds;
For out of every evil born of time,
God shapes a good for his eternity.
Lo where the spindles, weaving crime on crime,
Form the world-work of Charlemaine to be;—
How in that hall of iron lengthen forth
The fates that ruin, to rebuild, the North!
Here, one stern Sister smiling on the King,
Hurries the thread that twines his Nation's doom,
And, farther down, the whirling spindles sing
Around the woof which from his Baltic home
Shall charm the avenging Norman, to control
The shattered races into one calm whole.

The Viking: an Epic. By ZAVARR. With Notes. London: Churton. 1849.

THE preface informs us, that this poem is "the first of a series, in which I intend to illustrate the various systems of mythology that have prevailed to any great extent in the world, and to show the wonderful influence they have had in forming the character of different nations." The subject is an excellent one: the only complaint we have is, that the author should have treated it in verse instead of plain prose. A series of epics has a formidable sound to critics who have experienced the labour of perusing and reviewing a single one; and from the genius, or rather the absence of it, in this first specimen, we cannot venture to hope that our author will succeed in removing the prejudice which has prevailed against the epic ever since *Paradise Lost* was sold for twenty pounds. Not the least misfortune to the author resulting from his choice of a rhythmical form for the conveyance of his antiquarian lore is, that he must be judged as a poet, and not as an archaeologist; and however much we should be inclined to applaud his learning and industry in the latter character, we are bound in honesty to negative any pretensions to popularity in the former. He is, in truth, wanting in all the requisites for poetry: his ideas are of the tame; he has no pictorial power; his composition is rugged and uncouth; his metre is often extremely harsh and incorrect; and, indeed, the only faculty to which he can lay claim is that of ready

rhyming. But rhyme is not poetry, as every body knows. Some few passages will illustrate this. Thus:

So sang the bards; and oft the harp was strung
That to the fame of noble Vall rung.
Though he believed not every idle tale;
Yet on his willing credence some prevail;
He was a leading spirit of the age,
Superior to its senseless sons of rage, &c.

What is this but the veriest prose put into lines of ten syllables? Or this:

He said no more, for Vall's steadfast look,
In spite of pride, his angry purpose shook;
It told how much that man should be dislaid
Who scoff'd because another's arms were chain'd.
He felt the truth the scornful silence spoke,
And in his breast a worthier feeling woke,
Which bade him pay that honour to the brave
Which they from noble women always have.
Yet slack'd he not his watch, lest fortune shape
Some sudden means to favour an escape:
Though guards and chains there were to stay his flight,
He feared to trust his captive from his sight.
The sea-king smiled at this: "He dreads my strength,
And fain would bind my limbs with Glepmin's length;
And he is right: I wait my time; methinks,
An that were come, I could burst Gelga's links."

And so it proceeds, in this level strain, through no less than 150 pages! What a pity that so learned a man should so waste his learning!

EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

How to spend a Week Happily. By Mrs. BURBURY. London: Darton and Co. 1848.

THIS volume of *Darton's Holiday Library* contains a pretty little tale, compiled from a mother's practical knowledge of a child's capacities and tastes. It is just such a story as a good and clever mamma would invent to amuse the family circle by the fire light, before candles are brought in. It is full of good feeling and good sense.

Scriptural Series. Dean and Son, Threadneedle Street.

IN this series, published in cheap parts, we are presented with familiarized versions of the most telling and attractive tales which scripture subjects, and scripture scenes suggest. Each chapter is illustrated profusely. We take for instance, "The Life of our Saviour," which occupies about twenty pages of bold type, and is embellished with eight large coloured engravings that stamp indelibly on the memory as many of the most prominent incidents or traits in the life of Jesus. This series is well calculated to do for an important part of a child's training just what the old tales of giant-killers and ghosts did to vitiate the early taste. We cordially commend them to parents and teachers, for they are cheap as well as good.

Our Cousins in Ohio. By MARY HOWITT. With four Illustrations on Steel, from original designs by ANNA MARY HOWITT. London: Darton and Co. 1849.

THE deep interest with which this volume will be read for the delightful description it gives of life in the remote settlements of the United States will be enhanced by the fact that it is true. Mrs. HOWITT informs the reader in her preface that it is the twelvemonths' chronicle of the domestic life of a beloved sister, now removed by death. We presume that Mrs. HOWITT has put it into her own words, for no living writer can so thoroughly adapt herself to the comprehensions of children as she, and we find throughout the simplicity of style, the poetry of description, and the pervading sentiment of piety, for which all the productions of MARY HOWITT's pen are distinguished.

Although this volume will give to the grown-up reader a far better idea of the country of the Ohio, and of the manner of life there than any professional tourist has ever preserved, yet, we suppose that, being a book principally addressed to young persons, and of small price, we must not so far depart from the customs of a literary journal as to occupy our contracted space with extracts from it; but it would afford an ample supply of such. This, however, we the less regret as

we hope that all our readers who desire to please and instruct the young people of their acquaintance will make them a present of *Our Cousins in Ohio*.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Political and Social Economy: its Practical Applications. By JOHN HILL BURTON. Edinburgh: Chambers.

A PLAIN, practical, sensible exposition of the principles of political and social economy and their application to the immediate purposes of existence. The most illiterate will understand it readily, so clearly does Mr. BURTON express himself, and so familiar are his illustrations. It forms one of the Messrs. CHAMBERS' valuable contributions to the cheap literature of the age, and its trifling price places it within the reach of all who desire to make some acquaintance with a subject that is, however thoughtlessly neglected in our systems of education, of more vital moment to every individual than all that is taught by the schools.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

THE Periodicals for February are before us. We have only one novelty to introduce to our readers. It is a production of the enterprising Mr. CHARLES KNIGHT, and promises to be a very interesting, acceptable, and really valuable addition to the stores of family reading. It is called *The National Library of Select Literature*, and it is intended to be a collection of the best portions of the best writers of all ages and countries. Mr. KNIGHT commences with "Studies of Shakspeare," reprinted from his edition. He modestly apologizes for beginning with a work of his own writing, but it needs no excuse, for it is full of information and research, and displays excellent taste.

The Eclectic Review opens with politics;—a review of a *Nomination Borough*,—Stamford,—whose corruptions are cleverly exposed. Scottish Dissent and other sectarian topics are treated with the vigour that distinguishes this review. Other more general topics are "Pepys's Diary," "Borror's Campaign," "The Orchids," "Stirling's Works," &c.

The Gentleman's Magazine, in addition to its wonted topographical, antiquarian, historical, and biographical lore, reviews "The Life of Campbell," the "Stowe Catalogue," and gives some very interesting notes on Buckinghamshire. Of its Necrology specimens are continually given in *THE CRITIC*, which is largely indebted to its pages.

The History of Pendennis. By W. M. THACKERAY. No. 4 grows rapidly in interest. The plot thickens, and we are here presented with some scenes described in the author's unrivalled strain of quiet humour. It will of course be read by everybody, and therefore needs not be further noticed.

The History of England during the Thirty Years' Peace, continues to appear regularly, now that Mr. KNIGHT, who commenced it, has resigned the task to Miss MARTINEAU, who is worthily executing it. The new part gives the history of the year 1829. It is illustrated with a large coloured map of the Western division of Paris.

The National Cyclopædia of Useful Knowledge, Part XXV. advances from "Hanover" to "Hindustan."—*Con. Cregan, the Irish Gili Blas*, No II. plunges into the mingled humour and pathos of Irish life and character.—*Douglas Jerrold's Man made of Money*, Part V. fast hurries the story to its conclusion. The moral is severe but truthful. The illustrations are very spirited.—The 9th Part of *Finden's Illustrated Edition of Byron*, continues "The Corsair," with two of Mr. WARREN's designs finely engraved on steel.—Part II. of *Frank Fairleigh* possesses the great attraction of being illustrated by the pencil of GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, and in his best manner.—Part IV. of the *Cottage Gardener* is as practical and useful in all its contents as the parts already noticed, and it is wonderfully cheap.—Parts XII. and XIII. of *The Works of Shakspeare*, with KENNY MEADOWS' original and clever illustrations, and its exquisite typography, presents us with *Othello*.—*The Family Friend*, Nos. I. and II. is a little magazine, intended, at a small price, to provide a great deal of useful information for the domestic circle, and the *Magazine for the Young* does the same.

Dolman's Magazine for February, edited by the Rev. E. PRICE, addresses itself to Roman Catholics, but many of its articles are commonplace.

France and its Revolutions. By GEORGE LONG, Esq., Part X., written by one of the most learned men of his day, is laborious, compiled from the records that have been preserved, and has the additional feature of numerous illustrations.

The Land We Live In. Part XIX. is devoted to a description of the beauties and curiosities of Exeter and the South-Eastern Coast of Devon. It is profusely adorned with engravings of the first class as works of art, and it forms a complete tourist's handbook as well as an interesting topographical work for natives and visitors.

Bussey and Gaspey's History of France and of the French People, Part II. opens with the accession of Louis XI., in 1461, and continues the history to the year 1485. We have often before commented upon the value of this, as the best History of France we have ever seen, and peculiarly adapted for schools and families.

Milner's Descriptive Atlas of Astronomy and Geography, Parts XIII. and XIV., is a superb work, without a rival in our literature, and invaluable to the school-room. It combines the Geography with the Atlas, and illustrates its teachings of this with engravings. This part contains a Map of the Heavens in January, February, and March, and Maps of the West Indies, Russia, Prussia, India, and Van Dieman's Land, and all for a few pence!

Sharpe's London Magazine has been greatly improved in the hands of its present proprietors and editors. It has added new writers to its corps, and it has introduced engravings, and two of these on steel are given with the present number.

Tait's Magazine for February has more variety than any of its recent numbers, the most valuable article being upon "the Condition and Prospects of Philosophy in England." Several books are reviewed at great length in the old and admired fashion which first made TAIT famous. More care should be exercised in the selection of the original poetry, which is, for the most part, very fifth-rate.

Paxton's Magazine of Gardening and Botany, No. 1., for February, Orr and Co., proposes to be the medium for collecting and diffusing a higher branch of botanical science and horticultural practice than is at present to be found in any periodical. It is lavishly illustrated both with coloured engravings and woodcuts, and the reputation of its editor is a guarantee for substantial information. The article on "The Cultivation of the Pine Apples without Pots," contributed by Mr. FLEMING, Gardener to the Duke of SUTHERLAND, will be consulted with great interest by all who have a pinery.

The Ethnological Journal for February is occupied with discourses on the Art of Mummy making; and on the History of Romulus. We regret to see from a notice at the close that the support which it has received is not sufficient to justify its continuance without special aid given to it by those interested in the Science to which it is devoted. But the contents will need to be much more varied before it can hope for extensive popularity.

Burnett's Useful Plants, No. 112, contains coloured engravings, with botanical and popular descriptions of the Dog's Mercury, and the Panicked Bugloss.

The Family Herald for January, is as various and amusing as ever.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Stokers and Pokers: or the London and North-Western Railway, the Electric Telegraph, and the Railway Clearing House. By the Author of "Bubbles from the Brunns of Nassau." London: Murray. 1849.

SIR FRANCIS HEAD has undertaken to describe a railway, and the curiosities appertaining to that marvel of modern science. A fitter pen for such a task could not be found than that which has left imperishable records of the dangers and excitements of a gallop across the Pampas, the whimsicalities of the Brunns of Nassau, and the more serious cares of a Gover-

norship in Canada. He has entered upon it with all his heart; he has thrown into it all his wonted humour, and more than his wonted powers of description, and here, in this little volume, we are presented with a full, true, and particular account of the railway system and railway management in England, as witnessed on the North-Western line, and of which, be it observed, very few persons really know anything, or have the means of learning, although it may be their lot to spend a day in every week upon the rail. As we have not, for a long time, met with a book so full of novelty and interest, we shall dwell upon it at more length than its size would otherwise justify. But it is the plan of THE CRITIC to measure worth by quality rather than by quantity.

THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE LINE is the first topic treated of. MR. ROBERT STEPHENSON, the engineer of the North-Western, actually walked twenty times over the whole line in the course of his surveys. When his line was thus planned, it met with the most ignorant and resolute opposition in all quarters. It will now scarcely be believed that the town of Northampton objected to its passing through it, and compelled its removal to a distance of five miles, to its own "everlasting punishment," as the author truly remarks. One of the reasons of these wisecracks was that the smoke would blacken the wool of their sheep!!

These difficulties smoothed over, by compromise, and concession, and buying off, there comes the fight for the Act of Parliament, and it is incidentally observed, that, during the years 1845, '46, and '47, more than ten millions were expended in needless parliamentary contests, a sum which would have sufficed to construct a national railway 500 miles in length.

The act obtained, the work begins, and the construction of tunnels is the most difficult and costly part of it—trial shafts were sunk at intervals to ascertain the nature of the ground. The Kilsby Tunnel required eighteen of these. The contract was taken at £99,000. What happened!

This interesting work was in busy progress, when all of a sudden it was ascertained, that at about two hundred yards from the south end of the tunnel, there existed, overlaid by a bed of clay forty feet thick, a hidden quicksand, which extended four hundred yards into the proposed tunnel, and which the trial shafts on each side of it had almost miraculously just passed without touching.

The traveller in India could scarcely be more alarmed at the sudden sight of a crouching tiger before him, than the contractor was at the unexpected appearance of this invincible enemy. Overwhelmed at the discovery, he instantly took to his bed, and though he was liberally, or, to speak more correctly, justly relieved by the Company from his engagement, the reprieve came too late, for he actually died!

Should it be abandoned? No, said Mr. STEPHENSON, and this was the way in which he proceeded to prove that science recognizes no such word as IMPOSSIBLE.

His first operation was of course to endeavour by the power of steam-engines—the comrades of his life—to lower the water with which he had to contend; and although, to a certain degree, this attempt succeeded, yet, by the draining of remote springs, and by the sinking of the water in wells at considerable distances, it was soon ascertained that the quicksand in question covered several square miles.

The tunnel, thirty feet high by thirty feet broad, arched at the top as well as the bottom, was formed of bricks laid in cement, and the bricklayers were progressing in "lengths" averaging twelve feet, when those who were nearest the quicksand, on driving into the roof, were suddenly almost overwhelmed by a deluge of water, which burst in upon them. As it was evident that no time was to be lost, a gang of workmen, protected by

the extreme power of the engines, were, with their materials, placed on a raft; and while, with the utmost celerity, they were completing the walls of that short length, the water, in spite of every effort to keep it down, rose with such rapidity, that at the conclusion of the work the men were so near being jammed against the roof, that the assistant-engineer, Mr. Charles Lean, in charge of the party, jumped overboard, and then, swimming with a rope in his mouth, he towed the raft to the foot of the nearest working shaft, through which he and his men were safely lifted up into daylight, or, as it is termed by miners, "to grass."

The water now rose in the shaft, and, as it is called, "drowned out" the works. For a considerable time all the pumping apparatus appeared to be insufficient. Indeed the effort threatened to be so hopeless that the Directors of the company almost determined to abandon it, but the engineer-in-chief, relying on the power of his engines, prayed for one fortnight more; before that period expired Science triumphed over her subterranean foe, and—thanks to the inventors of the steam-engine—the water gradually lowered.

By the main strength of 1250 men, 200 horses, and thirteen steam-engines, not only was the work gradually completed, but during night and day, for eight months, the astonishing and almost incredible quantity of 1,800 gallons per minute from the quicksand alone was raised by Mr. Robert Stephenson and conducted away!!

Indeed such is the eagerness with which workmen in such cases proceed, that on a comrade being one day killed at their side by falling down the shaft, they merely, like sailors in action, chucked his body out of the way, and then instantly proceeded with their work. In the construction of the tunnel there were lost twenty-six men, two or three of whom were "navvies," killed in trying, "for fun,"—as they termed it—to jump one after another across the summits of the shafts.

The time occupied from the laying of the first brick to the completion of the work was thirty months. The number of bricks used was 36,000,000, sufficient to make a good footpath from London to Aberdeen (missing the Forth) a yard broad!

The human agents by whom these gigantic works are performed are

THE NAVVIES.

We need hardly say that, as regards their physical strength, they are the finest Herculean specimens of the British race; and, as is generally the case, in proportion as they are powerful so are they devoid of all bluster or bravado.

Those who have commanded large numbers of them state that they are not only obedient to all above them, even to their own "gangsters," but that, although they have—we think very justly—occasionally required a permanent increase of pay, they have never meanly taken advantage of a press of business to strike for wages. Indeed the conduct of a "navvy" like his countenance, is honest and open. If from illness or misfortune he is unable to work, he and his family are maintained by his comrades; in truth the same provision is made among them for what are called by navvies their "tally-wives," a description of relationship exceedingly difficult correctly to describe.

As they earn high wages, it is a fashion among them to keep dogs; and as rather a noble trait, we may mention that there have been several instances where 10l. has been in vain offered to a "a navvy" to induce him to sell his dumb favourite.

Generally speaking they are not addicted to poaching; but when not at work they usually amuse themselves by playing at skittles, at quoits, by drinking, and occasionally by fighting; and although the latter species of recreation is no doubt reprehensible, yet surely it is better for a man to walk homewards at night with a pair of black eyes and a bloody nose, than with an I O U cheque in his pocket for ten thousand pounds, gained by what the fashionable world terms "at play" from a companion whose wife he has made destitute, and whose children he has probably ruined!

At a navvy's funeral 500 of his comrades in their clean short white smock-frocks, with thin black handkerchiefs tied loosely round their throats, are seen occasionally in procession walking in pairs hand in hand after the coffin of their mate. In short, there exists

among them a friendly "*esprit de corps*," which not only binds them together, but renders it rather dangerous for any stranger to cheat, or even to endeavour to overreach them.

A better idea of the gigantic nature of railway works will be formed from some calculations.

An idea, however, of the magnitude of his operations may be faintly imparted by the following brief abstract of a series of calculations made by Mr. Lecount, one of the engineers employed in the construction of the southern division of the present London and North-Western Railway, and the writer of the article "*Railways*" in the "*Encyclopædia Britannica*." The great Pyramid of Egypt was, according to Diodorus Siculus, constructed by three hundred thousand—according to Herodotus by one hundred thousand—men; it required for its execution twenty years, and the labour expended on it has been estimated as equivalent to lifting 15,733,000,000 of cubic feet of stone one foot high. Now, if in the same manner the labour expended in constructing the Southern Division only of the present London and North-Western Railway be reduced to one common denomination, the result is 25,000,000,000 cubic feet of similar material lifted to the same height; being 9,267,000,000 of cubic feet more than was lifted for the pyramid; and yet the English work was performed by about 20,000 men only, in less than five years.

Again, it has been calculated by Mr. Lecount that the quantity of earth moved in the single division (112½ miles in length) of the railway in question would be sufficient to make a foot-path a foot high and a yard broad round the whole circumference of the earth! the cost of this division of the railway in penny-pieces being sufficient to form a copper kerb or edge to it. Supposing therefore the same proportionate quantity of earth to be moved in the 7,150 miles of railway sanctioned by Parliament at the commencement of 1848 (*vide* Parliamentary Returns), our engineers within about fifteen years would, in the construction of our railways alone, have removed earth sufficient to girdle the globe with a road one foot high and one hundred and ninety-one feet broad!

We come now to the *Maintenance of the Permanent Way*. The system is very complete—

The line is, according to the nature of its works divided into distances of from 17 to 30 miles, to each of which there is appointed "*an overlooker*," whose district is subdivided into "*lengths*" of one or two miles, to each of which is appointed "*a foreman*," with his gang of two or three men.

Every morning before the first train passes, the foreman is required to walk over his length, not only generally to inspect it, but especially to ascertain that each of the wooden keys which secure the rails are firmly fixed; and in case of any deficiency, his first operation is to put up, 800 yards above the point, a signal flag, which flies until the necessary repair is executed.

The regulations by which the repair is effected without delay or stoppage of trains are extremely minute, and work wonderfully well in practice.

SIR FRANCIS next, in his graphic manner, presents a sketch of the

DEPARTURE OF A TRAIN.

On that great covered platform, which, with others adjoining it, is lighted from above by 8,797 square yards (upwards of an acre and three-quarters) of plate-glass, are to be seen congregated and moving to and fro in all directions, in a sort of Babel confusion, persons of all countries, of all religions, and of all languages. People of high character, of low character, of no character at all. Infants just beginning life—old people just ending it. Many desirous to be noticed—many, from innumerable reasons, good, bad, and indifferent, anxious to escape notice. Some are looking for their friends—some, suddenly turning upon their heels, are evidently avoiding their acquaintance.

Contrasted with that variety of free and easy well-worn costumes in which quiet-minded people usually travel, are occasionally to be seen a young couple—each, like a new-born baby, dressed from head to foot

in everything perfectly new—hurrying towards a coupé, on whose door there negligently hangs a black board—upon which there is printed, not unappropriately, in white bridal letters, the word "*ENGAGED*."

Across this mass of human beings a number of porters are to be seen carrying and tortuously wheeling, in contrary directions, baggage and property of all shapes and sizes. One is carrying over his right shoulder a matted parcel, twelve or fifteen feet long, of young trees, which the owner, who has just purchased them for his garden, is following with almost parental solicitude. Another porter, leaning as well as walking backwards, is attempting with his whole strength, to drag towards the luggage-van a leash of pointer-dogs, whose tails, like certain other "*tails*" that we know of, are obstinately radiating from the couples that bind together their heads: while a number of newspaper-vendors, "*fleet-footed Mercuries*," are worming their way through the crowd.

Within a long and apparently endless straight line of railway carriages which bound the platform, are soon seen the faces and caps of various travellers, especially old ones, who with due precaution have taken possession of their seats; and while most of these, each of them with their newspapers unfolded on their knees, are slowly wiping their spectacles, several of the younger inmates are either talking to other idlers leaning on their carriage windows, or, half kissing and half waving their hands, are bidding "*farewell*" to the kind friends who had accompanied them to the station.

And this is the companion picture of the

ARRIVAL OF A TRAIN.

We may here observe that there are sixty-five selected cabmen who have the *entrée* to the platform, and who, *quandiu se bene gesserint*, are allowed exclusively to work for the Company, whose name is painted on their cabs. If more than these are required, a porter calls them from a line of suppliant cabs standing in the adjacent street. Close to each departure-gate there is stationed a person whose duty it is to write down in a book the number of each cabman carrying away a passenger, as well as the place to which he is conveying him, which two facts each driver is required to exclaim as he trots by; and thus any traveller desirous to complain of a cabman, or who may have left any property in a carriage from Euston Station, has only to state on what day and by what train he arrived, also whether he was conveyed, and from these data the driver's name can at any lapse of time be readily ascertained.

But our attention is suddenly claimed by something of infinitely more importance than a passenger's luggage: for that low unearthly whine within the small signal-office behind the line of cabs and carriages, requires immediate explanation.

The variety of unforeseen accidents that might occur by the unwelcome arrival of an unexpected or even of an expected passenger-train at the great terminus of the London and North-Western Railway are so obvious that it has been deemed necessary to take the following precautions.

As soon as the reeking engine-funnel of an up-train is seen darting out of the tunnel at Primrose Hill, one of the Company's servants stationed there who deals solely in compressed air—or rather, who has an hydraulic machine for condensing it—allows a portion to rush through an inch iron pipe; and he thus instantaneously produces in the little signal-office on the up-platform of Euston Station, where there is always a signal-man watching by night as well as by day, that loud melancholy whine which has just arrested our attention, and which will continue to moan uninterruptedly for five minutes:—

"*Hic vasto rex Æolus antro
Luctantes ventos tempestatesque sonoras
Imperio premit, ac vinclis et carcere frenat.
Illi indignantes magno cum murmure frenunt.*"

The moment this doleful intimation arrives, the signal-man, emerging from his little office, touches the trigger of a bell outside his door, which immediately in two loud hurried notes announces to all whom it may concern, the arrival at Camden Station of the expected up-train; and at this moment it is interesting to watch the poor cab-horses, who, by various small muscular movements, which any one acquainted with horses can readily interpret, clearly indicate that they are perfectly sensible of what has just occurred,

and quite as clearly foresee what will very shortly happen to them.

As soon as the green signal-man has created this sensation among bipeds and quadrupeds, taking with him the three flags, of danger (red), caution (green), and security (white), he proceeds down the line a few yards to a point from which he can plainly see his brother signal-man stationed at the mouth of the Euston tunnel. If any obstruction exists in that direction, the waving of the red flag informs him of it; and it is not until the white one from the tunnel as well as that from the station-master on the platform have reported to him that "*all is clear*" that he returns to his important but humble office (twelve feet in length by nine in breadth) to announce, by means of his compressed-air apparatus, this intelligence to the ticket collector at Camden Station, whose strict orders are, on no account whatever to allow a train to leave his platform until he has received through the air-pipes, from the signal-office at Euston Station, the Company's lugubrious authority to do so.

In the latter office there are also the dial and wires of an electric telegraph, at present inoperative. The signal-man, however, mentioned to us the following trifling anecdote, as illustrative of the practical utility of that wonderful invention, which has so justly immortalized the names of Cooke and Wheatstone. An old general officer, who, from his residence some miles beyond Manchester, had come up to Euston Station on an invitation from the East-India Directors to be present at the dinner to be given by them to Lord Hardinge, found on his arrival that it would be necessary he should appear in regimentals; and the veteran, nothing daunted, was proposing to return to Manchester, when the signal-man at Euston advised him to apply for them by electric telegraph. He did so. The application, at the ordinary rate of 280,000 miles (about twelve times the circumference of the earth) *per second*, flew to Manchester; in obedience to his commands a porter was instantly despatched into the country for the clothes, which, being forwarded by express train, arrived in abundant time for the dinner. The charge for telegraph and porter was 13s. 8d.

About four minutes after the up-train has been authorized by the air-pipe to leave Camden Station, the guard who stands listening for it at the Euston tunnel, just as a deaf man puts his ear to a trumpet, announces by his flag its immediate approach; on which the signal man at the little office on Euston platform again touches his trigger, which violently convulsing his bell as before, the cab-horses begin to move their feet, raise their jaded heads, prick up their ears, and champ their bits; the servants in livery turn their powdered heads round; the Company's porters, emerging from various points, quickly advance to their respective stations; and this suspense continues until in a second or two there is seen darting out of the tunnel, like a serpent from its hole, the long dark-coloured dusty train, which, by a tortuous movement, is apparently advancing at its full speed. But the bank-riders, by applying their breaks—without which the engineless train merely by its own gravity would have descended the incline from Camden Station at the rate of forty miles an hour—soon slacken its speed, until the Company's porters at a brisk walk are preparing to unfasten one after another the doors of all the carriages.

While they are performing this popular duty, numerous salutations, and kissing of hands of all colours and sizes, are seen to pass between several of the inmates of the passing train and those seated in or on the motley line of conveyances standing stock still which have been awaiting their arrival. A wife suddenly recognizes her husband, a mother her four children, a sister her two dear brothers; Lord A. B. politely bows to lady C. D.; John, from his remote coach-box, grins with honest joy as faithful Susan glides by; while Sally bashfully smiles at "*a gentleman*" in plush breeches reclining in the rumble of the barouche behind it.

As soon as the train stops, a general "*saute qui peut*" movement takes place, and our readers have now an opportunity of observing that, just as it is hard to make money, easy to spend it, so, although it consumes at least twenty minutes to fill and despatch a long train, it scarcely requires as many seconds to empty one. Indeed, in less than that short space of time the greater number of the railway carriages are often empty.

When every person has succeeded in liberating him-

self or herself from the train, it is amusing to observe how cleverly, from long practice, the Company's porters understood the apparent confusion which exists. To people wishing to embrace their friends—to gentlemen and servants darting in various directions straight across the platform to secure a cab or in search of private carriages—they offer no assistance whatever, well knowing that none is required. But to every passenger whom they perceive to be either restlessly moving backwards and forwards, or standing still, looking upwards in despair, they civilly say "This way Sir!" "Here it is, Ma'am!"—and thus, knowing what they want before they ask, they conduct them either to the particular carriage on whose roof their baggage has been placed, or to the luggage-van in front of the train, from which it has already been unloaded on to the platform; and thus, in a very few minutes after the convulsive shaking of hands and the feverish distribution of baggage have subdivided, all the cabs and carriages have radiated away—the parti-coloured omnibuses have followed them—even the horses, which in different clothing have been disembarked, have been led or ridden away—and, the foot-passengers having also disappeared, the long platform of the incoming train of the Euston Station remains once more solely occupied by one or two servants of the Company, hemmed in by a new line of expectant cabs and omnibuses. Indeed, at various periods of the day, a very few minutes only elapse before, at the instigation of compressed air, the faithful signal-bell is again heard hysterically announcing the arrival of another train at Camden Station.

In a clear winter's night the arrival of an up-train at the platform before us forms a very interesting picture.

No sound is heard in the cold air but the hissing of a pilot engine, which, like a restless spirit advancing and retrograding, is stealing along the intermediate rails, waiting to carry off the next down train; its course being marked by white steam meandering above it and by red-hot coals of different sizes which are continually falling from beneath it. In this obscure scene the Company's interminable line of gaslights (there are 232 at Euston Station), economically screwed down to the minimum of existence, are feebly illuminating the damp varnished panels of the line of carriages in waiting, the brass door-handles of the cabs, the shining haims, brass brow-brands, and other ornaments on the drooping heads and motionless backs of the cab-horses; and while the blood-red signal lamp is glaring near the tunnel to deter unauthorized intrusion, the stars of heaven cast a faint silvery light through the long strips of plate-glass in the roof above the platform. On a sudden is heard—the stranger hardly knows whence—the mysterious moan of compressed air, followed by the violent ringing of a bell. That instant every gaslight on and above a curve of 900 feet suddenly bursts into full power. The carriages, cabs, &c. appear, comparatively speaking, in broad daylight, and the beautiful iron reticulation which sustains the glazed roof appears like fairy work.

At this point we pause—reserving the rest of the volume for one other notice, at least, if not for a third.

Smith's Canadian Gazetteer. By MR. H. SMITH. Aylott and Jones.

VERY useful to all who have connexions with Canada West or contemplate emigration thither. It contains a vast amount of information, statistical and general, relating to the country, the government, the roads, the inns, the quantity, quality, and prices of land, the names and addresses of land agents, arranged alphabetically, so that any subject sought can be found in a moment.

Twice Told Tales. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. London: Kent and Richards.

A COLLECTION of essays and short tales, which, if we remember rightly, we have formerly read in some of the American periodicals. But they will well endure to be reperused, and preserved in a more accessible form, for they are most pleasantly written, abounding in eloquent description, in wholesome sentiment, and continually there peeps out a quiet humour which gives place to profound pathos, betraying the presence of a genuine sympathy

with humanity and a fine sense of poetry, to which humour is always nigh akin. The author reminds us forcibly of WASHINGTON IRVING in his style and cast of thought, and he is scarcely, if at all, inferior in any of the characteristics which have made the latter so popular. We should have been pleased to have confirmed this opinion by extracts, but no one essay is brief enough for our contracted limits, and none will endure curtailment, so we must be content with recommending the reader to the volume.

The Gold Seeker's Manual. By DAVID F. ANSTED, M.A., F.R.S., Professor of Geology, King's College. London: Van Voorst. 1849.

A TIMELY volume, invaluable to all who contemplate trying their fortunes in California. The Professor has treated the entire subject geographically, geologically, and mineralogically. After describing the distribution of gold generally, and in California in particular, he minutely instructs the reader in the characteristics by which it is distinguished when found, the washing for it, its assay and refinement, and then he speculates on the probable consequences of Californian wealth on the commercial value of gold, and on the prospects of its continued supply from the same quarter.

Oliver and Boyd's New Edinburgh Almanac and National Repository for the year 1849.

THE most comprehensive almanac we have ever seen. A similar one for England would be a profitable speculation. It contains a vast mass of useful matter not usually found even in these compendious books of reference. It must be invaluable to all Scotchmen, and to all who, in business, associate with Scotland.

PEEPS INTO UNPUBLISHED VOLUMES.

(Many of the Publishers having kindly permitted us to have access to stray proof sheets of their books in Press, we propose by occasional Extracts to bespeak the interest of our readers on their behalf.)

MR. E. W. LANDOR, author of "The Bushman," has announced for publication, through Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., a tale entitled "Lofoden, or the Exiles of Siberia." Among many other interesting passages, we find the following sketch of a

NORWEGIAN FOREST SCENE.

The sun shone with a sickly gaiety as the traveller recommenced his march, no longer attended by his late companion, who had bounded through the opening at the first glimpse of light, and was now scouring across the plain back to his old secluded haunts in the Ranas-field.

After an hour's toil through the heavy snow, the traveller approached the first clump of pine-trees; and soon arrived at the banks of a stream, dark and yet pellucid, that pursued its voiceless way amid the vast wilderness of snow, like a living and hopeful being hastening to some happier world through scenes of desolation and death.

On the banks of the stream, and almost obscured by a lofty group of fir trees, stood a rude hut and saw-mill, the proprietor of which was already at work, preparing planks out of the rough timber which was floated down to him by the wood-cutters in the bosom of the mountains. The sawn portions were afterwards bound together, or allowed separately to float along with the stream which carried them, after a precarious voyage of many miles, to a village upon the sea-coast, where they were shipped for Drontheim, for Bergen, or for England.

When the owner of the saw-mills beheld the traveller approaching his solitary dwelling, he regarded him with sullen astonishment, as though he considered himself injured by the arrival of any other human being in that desert region. Solitude brutalizes the mind: our humanities can only be healthfully exercised by contact with man.

The exile inquired if he could have a mouthful of food; and the sawyer replied by pointing to the door of his rude cabin. Speech had become a work of labour to him.

On entering the abode, the whole of the domestic arrangements were seen at a glance: a hearth with a

wood fire; a low settle beside it; a roughly-constructed table in the midst of the room; a square box on one side, in which the inhabitant slept under a pile of bear-skins; and scattered here and there were casks of flour, of dried meat, and of odd articles of use in that wild scene. In one corner was placed a gun; and a long-legged hare, of immense size, and only recently killed, was thrown carelessly on the ground.

The Exile seated himself on the stool, and took a survey of his host, who stood in the doorway with a look compounded of stupidity and displeasure. On his head he wore a bear-skin cap, and his principal garment consisted of a sheep-skin jacket, the black, curly wool of which was worn outside. His hair was long and wild, and his beard was kept in order by the aid of a pair of shears.

"Meat!" said the traveller, pointing to the table. His host replied by indicating with his hand the casks, which contained dried meats and "sundries." In the latter the hungry guest discovered, together with a hammer, nails, a quantity of suet, and some pieces of rag, the remains of a loaf of bread which had been baked among the ashes. On tasting this delicate morsel, he found it to consist of that execrable species of farinaceous food peculiar to this country which is strongly flavoured with the fibres of the pine-trees, and the principal ingredients of which appear to be soap and sawdust. A piece of dried goat's flesh, hard as the flap of a hunting-saddle, completely set the appetite of the Exile at defiance; who, throwing down the viands in disgust, demanded how far it was to Vaadsas.

"Three," replied the peasant, making a great effort. He would doubtless have added "miles," but the word gurgled in his throat; and, in default of speech, he held up three of his fingers, and nodded his head. Now, three Norwegian are equal to about one-and-twenty English miles—a long distance to traverse in a deep snow, over a country in which no definite road is to be found. The traveller, therefore, inquired whether no house might be met with somewhat nearer? To this his host answered, "the Scots."

"Where is it?"

The other pointed to the west.

"At least," said the foreigner, "if you cannot speak, you can row me across the river in your punt? *Allons, mon ami!*"

He rose, and led the way to the side of the stream, where the rude little boat was found carefully moored. Stepping into it, he motioned the Norwegian to take his seat at the oars—a command which the latter obeyed in silence; and in a few moments the traveller landed on the opposite bank, and, following the direction indicated by his taciturn entertainer, he stoutly resumed his lonely journey.

The river, winding suddenly round the base of a huge hill of granite, left but a narrow path for the footsteps of the traveller. On his right hand arose vast rocks, bare of all verdure, save where, in a few cracks and crevices worn by the foot of time, peered out an occasional stunted pine. This stern barrier, which was nearly a hundred feet in perpendicular height, continued for about a mile; whilst on the opposite side of the river appeared a succession of hills covered to the summit with one continuous forest of trees, whose broad boughs were now laden with snow.

SMALL FRY OF LITERATURE.

(We receive a great number of little books, varying in price from three shillings to one penny, which publishers, who will not send larger works, are liberal enough to transmit for review, hoping, in exchange for their petty present, to receive a notice that will be equal to a guinea advertisement. As it is necessary to put a stop to this sort of imposition, we beg to say, that for the future, no book whose price is less than five shillings will be noticed that is received from any publisher who has not the fairness to send his larger works also—unless they be accompanied by an advertisement. THE CRITIC is too influential, and too well established now, to submit to be treated differently from the best of its contemporaries.—ED. CRITIC.)

We throw together under the above title a lot of little

books. *Defects in the Practice of Life Assurance* is a useful warning on the important subject of assurance against the frauds and abuses that are so extensively practised. *Chamney's Guide to South Australia*, is a short, cheap, and useful manual for the emigrant. *The Lover's Handbook*, teaches the whole art of making love. E. RICH's lecture on *The Soul in its relation to the Body*, embodies the doctrines of Swedenborg on this subject. *BURGESS'S Duty of the State to its Infant Poor*, is sensible advice suggested by the late tragedy at Tooting. *The Old Woman who lived in a Shoe*, is a sort of political satire on colonial government, by Mr. W. BLANCHARD JERROLD. Mr. A. GREIG, the author of a pamphlet containing some extremely valuable *Hints and Suggestions for the Instruction of the Convicts of Milbank Prison*, is known as the active and intelligent secretary of the *Metropolitan Sewage Manure Company*. The pamphlet before us comprises the substance of various remarks and observations, which he has embodied in a series of lectures and addresses delivered by him to the schoolmasters of that prison. It should be read by all who are engaged in convict education, or who feel an interest in the subject.

BOOKS, MUSIC, AND WORKS OF ART

RECEIVED FOR REVIEW,

From Feb. 1st to Feb. 13th, 1849.

[Some errors in delivery having occurred, we purpose, in future, to acknowledge the receipt of all Books, Music, and Works of Art forwarded for review, and which will be noticed with all convenient speed. Publishers and Authors are requested to apprise the Editor of any Works sent that may not appear in this List.]

From MESSRS. BRADBURY AND EVANS.
The History of Samuel Timmarsh.

From Mr. VAN VOORST.
The Gold Seeker's Manual.

From Mr. MURRAY.
Colonial Library, No. 66, Stokers and Pokers.

From MESSRS. KENT AND RICHARDS.
Hawthorne's Twice Told Tales.

From Mr. CADELL.
Waverley Novels, 29 & 30. Peveril of the Peak, Vols. 2 & 3.

From MESSRS. LONGMAN AND CO.
Dr. Moore's Man and his Motives. 2nd edit.

From MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER, AND CO.
A Glance at Revolutionized Italy. Vols. 1 & 2.

From Mr. G. BELL.
Chronicles of Charter House.

From MESSRS. HURST AND CO.
A Cap-full of Moonshine.

From Mr. T. SAUNDERS.
A Lecture on Colonization.

From Mr. PICKERING.
Lays of Ancient Italyland. The Diamond Rock, and other Poems. Hardinge's Poems, Valentines, and Ballads. Thoughts and Opinions of a Statesman.

From MESSRS. CHADOCK AND CO.
John Jones's Tales for Little John Jones's. By G. F. R. James. Vols. 1 & 2.

From Mr. W. J. CLAVER.
The Rest. An Episode of the Village of Ross Gray.

From Mr. Z. T. PURDAY, Music Publisher.
I have Listened to Your Song. You'll Come Again. The Moon is the only Fair Lady I met. My own dear Cottage on the Green. Spirit of Summer, away! I must depart from Thee. O, beautiful Rainbow. Jehovah Jireh. Have Faith in one Another. A True and Honest Man. Autumn Flowers (a new set of waltzes).

From MESSRS. WHITTAKER AND CO.
Dod's Peerage and Knightage for 1849.

From Mr. C. MITCHELL.
Facts on the Fraudulent Supply of Coals to Families.

From Mr. J. OLLIVIER.
Essay on Human Happiness. By C. B. Adderley, M.P. The Events of 1848: a Letter to the Marquis of Lansdowne, by R. M. Milnes, Esq., M.P.

From Mr. J. MASTERS.
Four Sermons Preached before the University of Cambridge, by W. H. Mill, Esq., D.D. Evans's Continuous Outline of Sacred History. The Daily Life of the Christian Child. The Little Christian's Sunday Alphabet.

ART.

The Art Journal for February, No. 128. Virtue. We noticed the great improvements which, with the beginning of a new volume, and a new year, were intro-

duced into this unique and remarkable periodical. That improvement is continued in the present number. The pictures in the Vernon Gallery are engraved purposely for it; and here we have LESLIE'S *Sancho and the Duchess*, and STANFIELD'S *Venice*, executed in a style, which, if they had been published alone, would have been deemed cheap at a guinea for each. Yet, besides these, there is another large steel engraving of WESTMACOTT'S *Bluebell* and some thirty or forty exquisite woodcuts—very gems—illustrating interesting original essays on ancient ships, on perspective lines, passages from the poets, biographical notices, with portraits, of Sir W. ROSS and FOLEY—pilgrimages to English shrines, by Mrs. S. C. HALL, examples of mediæval art applicable to modern purposes, the works of PAUL DELAROCHE, and original designs for manufactures. *The Art Journal* is, beyond all compare, the most superb as well as the cheapest periodical that ever issued from the press, and will be an ornament to every drawing-room table.

The Ladies' Flower Garden of Ornamental Perennials.

By Mrs. LOUDON. Drawn from Nature, and arranged in a series of Plates. By H. N. HUMPHREYS, Esq. Part I. London: Orr and Co.

The Ladies' Flower Garden of Ornamental Annuals.

Part I. By the same. Orr and Co.

In these very beautiful publications we welcome the re-appearance of Mrs. LOUDON in the Flower Garden, about which she has written more tastefully and with more knowledge than any other Horticulturist. And there are some remarkable features of the present undertaking which deserve special notice. In the first place they are wonderfully cheap. For three shillings and sixpence we are presented with no less than six large coloured groups of flowers, exquisitely drawn from Nature, and arranged with admirable taste. Independently of its interest as an illustration of the text of Mrs. LOUDON, each of these is a picture—valuable as a work of art,—and which would be worth the cost of all the six for the portfolio. We have never seen flowers so engraved, or so carefully and accurately coloured, as these, and whether to the floriculturist, or to the lover of art, they promise to be the most acceptable publications which have appeared for many a day. We recommend them alike to the drawing-room table as an ornament, and to the library as works of reference, and they will not be less welcome to gentlemen than to the ladies, to whom they are especially dedicated.

THE FINE ARTS COMMISSION AND THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.—The eighth report of the Commissioners of Fine Arts has just been issued. It states that three frescoes, in addition to the first executed by William Dyce, R. A., have been painted, the subject of "Religion," by John Calcott Horsley; the subject of the "Spirit of Chivalry," by Daniel Maclise, R. A.; and the subject of "Edward the Black Prince receiving the Order of the Garter from Edward III.," by Charles West Cope, R. A. These works, the designs for which had been before approved by the commissioners, are by them considered highly satisfactory as examples of fresco painting; their effect confirming the opinion that under certain circumstances of light and distance fresco painting is well calculated for the purposes of decoration; while, from requiring the preparation of careful designs, the method recommends itself as being fitted to promote the study of form. Two subjects remain to be painted in the same locality: that of Justice and that of Prince Henry, afterwards Henry V., acknowledging the authority of Chief-Justice Gascoigne. It is proposed to commit the subject of Justice to Daniel Maclise, R. A., and the subject of Prince Henry acknowledging the authority of the law to Charles West Cope, R. A.; two corresponding frescoes on each wall will thus be executed by the same artists. The commissioners have also to state that they are prepared to conclude an agreement with Mr. Dyce, according to which he undertakes to complete certain stipulated work in the "Robing-room" within a period not exceeding six years, commencing from the 1st July, 1848, and for which it is proposed that he should be remunerated at the rate of 800*l.* a year; other conditions being included in the agreement which may make it his interest to complete the work, subject to the approval of the commissioners, in less time; and, on the other hand, allowing an extension of time in the event of certain additions or changes in the decoration being proposed by the commissioners. The statue of Lord

Falkland, by John Bell, and the statue of Lord Clarendon, by William Calder Marshall, A. R. A., which are intended to be placed in St. Stephen's Hall, in the Palace at Westminster, have been completed, and the commissioners consider the execution of those works in marble (the models having been before approved) as highly creditable to the artists. The commissioners also state that four designs for frescoes, to be executed in the Upper Waiting Hall, as recommended in their Report of August 7, 1845, have been approved, and that the artists so selected are now invited to commence frescoes in that locality. The expenditure which the works now recommended to be undertaken will involve consists of 1,600*l.* for the two remaining frescoes in the House of Lords, and also the annual remuneration of 800*l.* to be paid to William Dyce, R. A., for the work above specified.

The report of the committee appointed to inspect the small models for statues, to be placed in the House of Lords, of the barons and prelates who signed Magna Charta, is to the effect, that "the very narrow size of the niches, and their Gothic form" necessarily restrict the choice of attitudes; that the character of the statues "should be severe and monumental, and, consequently, free from all violence of action; and that they should be designed strictly with reference to the form and proportion of the niches, upon architectonic principles." The committee, in inspecting the models and designs for the statues in question considered it their duty to bear in mind these conditions, which had been duly communicated to the artists, in the first instance, by the secretary. They were also of opinion that in so strictly historical a series an attention to costume was especially desirable, as further tending to preserve a harmony of appearance between the character of the statues and that of the architecture. The artists have readily paid attention to the suggestions of the committee on these and other points, and the designs have been as much varied as is consistent with the conditions above noticed. The order of the statues in the eighteen niches is proposed to be as follows:—In the niche immediately on the east side of the throne, the statue of Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury. In the niche immediately on the west side of the throne, the statue of Henri de Londres, Archbishop of Dublin. In the niche at the south-eastern angle the statue of William Earl of Salisbury. In the niche at the south-western angle the statue of William Earl of Pembroke. In the first niche on the west side, next the statue of William Earl of Pembroke, the statue of Almeric, Master of Knights Templars. In the four niches next in order the statues of William Earl of Warren, William Earl of Arundel, Hubert de Burgh Earl of Kent, and Richard Earl of Clare. In the niche at the north-western angle, the statue of William Earl of Aumerle. In the two niches next in order on the north side, the statues of Geoffrey Earl of Gloucester, and Saher Earl of Winchester. In the niche at the north-eastern angle, the statue of Henry Earl of Hereford. In the five niches next in order on the east side, the statues of Roger Earl of Norfolk, Robert Earl of Oxford, Robert Fitzwalter, Eustace de Vesci, and William de Mowbray.

MUSIC.

Wood's Edition of the Songs of Scotland. Nos. XXIII. and XXIV. Edited by G. F. GRAHAM. Wood and Co. Edinburgh.

THE new numbers of this valuable collection of the lyrics of Scotland contain no less than fourteen popular songs, very well set for the piano-forte, by Mr. GRAHAM. Among them are "On Ettrick Banks," "Through the Woods, Laddie," and "Hame, hame, hame." Its cheapness will introduce it to every lover of national melody.

Handel's Israel in Egypt. No. I.

Handel's Jephthah. Nos. VIII. and IX.

Mendelssohn's St. Paul. No. XII.

MR. NOVELLO'S wonderfully cheap and very accurate edition of the Oratorios, proceeds prosperously. They do, indeed, well deserve the popularity they have enjoyed.

Ope, folded Rose. Song. Poetry by W. C. BENNET; music by MARY C. CLARKE. Novello.

A PRETTY and really original little melody, which will please wherever it is sung.

THE MUSICAL REVIEW (*Onychyn*).—Advocating the best interests of the profession with impartiality,

and an evident wish to commend the efforts of young musicians, this journal challenges the attention of those connected with the Art. Its articles are written with intelligence and care, and among its most popular features may be mentioned the *Memoirs of Musicians and Vocalists*, and the disquisitions on Shakespeare's plays which are occasionally given. Altogether it presents a fund of instruction and amusement at once adapted to the amateur, student, or professor. And to say that it has reached its 315th number, will be but to support our commendation of the work.

ST. GEORGE'S HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The third concert took place on the 31st January, at 69, Dean-street, Soho, and passed off in an altogether agreeable manner. Several compositions were sung with entire success. Among the vocalists may be specified Miss ELIZA LYONS, whose rendering of "Comin' thro' the rye" won a spontaneous encore; Mrs. PLUMMERS, whose vocalization of KALLIWODA's "Home, beloved," exhibited great taste; and Miss SCHAFER; Mr. H. BUCKLAND gave ALLMANN's new song, "A friend in need," capitally. SENOR NAPPI was encored in ROSSINI's "La Danza." Mr. ALLMANN introduced a new song and chorus of his own composition, "Christmas and Happiness," which gained universal applause. Mr. LOVETT also joined in several duets with taste and spirit. Mr. KENEFICK and Mr. CUMMING sang well. The instrumental portion consisted of a fantasia on the pianoforte, played by Mademoiselle POITTEVIN in a most brilliant style. Her touch is at once sweet and powerful, while each note is produced with perfect *aplomb*, and her power and energy are immense. We hope to hear more of this young lady. Mr. GEORGE EASE contributed solos on the concertina and violin with his accustomed talent. Mr. LYON conducted; Mr. BRUTIN accompanied.

MR. GEORGE BARKER'S ENGLISH BALLAD ENTERTAINMENT.—We omitted in our last to notice a very agreeable evening's entertainment to which we were invited at the Hanover Square Rooms by Mr. GEORGE BARKER, the composer of "Mary Blane" and other popular melodies. It consisted of a series of ballads, interspersed with anecdotes, told in a very amusing manner. All the compositions were by Mr. BARKER himself, and many of them were exceedingly beautiful, and sung with taste and expression.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

The dramatic world has been enlivened by little of novelty during the past fortnight. The Christmas pieces are still running at all the theatres. It is not yet positively known whether JENNY LIND reappears at Her Majesty's Theatre. It is whispered that she will not; that she has declared her desire to quit the stage. But we have reason to believe that there is no truth in this report, and to assert that she will reappear at the commencement of the season in March.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—The only incident to be recorded of this pleasant stage is the *début* of HERR MENGIS, a vocalist of considerable ability, with a rich, full voice, a mastery of his art, the simplicity of the German School, and great powers as an actor. He sustained the part of Franz, in *Leoline*, to the satisfaction of the audience.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—The round of the performances at Windsor is being repeated here with great success.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—The opening is announced for the 10th of March, and the opera will be *Masaniello*, in all its completeness as it came from the pen of AUBER, and not in the mutilated condition in which it has been hitherto presented in this country. MARIO undertakes the part of the fisherman, *Fenella*, the dumb girl will be represented by Mad. PAULINE LEROUX. Miss CATHERINE HAYS, whom we remember to have heard with pleasure two years since at *La Scala*, will make her *début* early in the season. COSTA is to be the director.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—We could not have thought, that any one would have been found sufficiently hardy to attempt the compression of such a play as "The Honeymoon;" yet such has been its fate, and the best proof of the goodness of the play itself, is, that even in its mutilated form, it still can please. Compressed into three acts, TONIN's comedy of *The Honeymoon* has been produced at this theatre, in order to introduce to a London audience a gentleman, who has been for some time in great favour in the North.—Mr. BALLER WENTWORTH has a fine voice and a manly deportment, but there is a certain stiffness about his by-play that greatly detracts from his acting. The novelty of his position on a first appearance before a London audience may in some measure account for this, and no doubt it will in time wear off, and our second impression of the chances of his ultimate success may be more favourable than

the first. Of Mrs. STIRLING's *Joanna*, too much cannot be said, her indignation at the trick imposed on her, her feigned contrition, the burst of the long pent-up anger before the mock Duke, and lastly, the change from hate to love,—were traced in those light but effective touches which none but an artist's hand can execute. We can only deplore that such merit has not a wider field; there is not a stage in London on which Mrs. STIRLING would not rank among the elect. We hope before long to be able to announce her engagement further west. Mr. COMPTON, as the Mock Duke, was very amusing: the part gave full scope for that quiet droll humour for which he is so justly famous, and but for him the afterpiece (*Brigands in the Bud*) must have died a natural death long ago; as it is, it drags a miserable existence, and we think it would show the discretion of the manager if he was to withdraw it: anything so rapid can hardly be conceived.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Mr. PHELPS continues with spirit and success his revivals of SHAKESPEARE, *King John* being now the attraction, and it is got up with a completeness that leaves nothing to be desired. Mr. PHELPS plays the King in a masterly manner, better even than MACREADY's impersonation of it. *Constance* is played by Miss GLYNN with remarkable power. The scenery is first-rate. The lovers of the legitimate drama may indulge themselves to their heart's content at Sadler's Wells.

THE CYCLOPAMA is one of the most interesting sights of London just now. It represents with striking scenic effects the earthquake at Lisbon. We first see the City in all its splendour by the light of a summer day as we sail, or suppose that we sail, slowly up the Tagus. Night comes on; we hear the roar of the earthquake, and on our return we see the same city in flames and ruin. It is most impressive.

THE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION has lately added to its collection of dissolving views some scenes in California, and to its lectures illustrations of and experiments on the Electric Light.

THE PANORAMA in Leicester Square, is attracting multitudes to see Pompeii, one of the best and most interesting pictures it has ever exhibited.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

ASTRISTOR APPARATUS.

Our attention has been invited to an ingenious and extremely useful invention, called by the not very attractive or descriptive name of the "Astristor Apparatus," the purpose of which is to avoid the trouble and the dirt occasioned by straps to trousers. The same result is produced, or even a better one, without fastenings under the feet, by means of an elastic semi-band of steel, which is easily made tight to the trousers, and binds them neatly to the boot, by a simple apparatus which is put on and removed in a moment. We have tried and found it perfect for its purpose, and our readers will discover its utility if they will inspect it.

METROPOLITAN SEWAGE MANURE COMPANY.

It gives us great pleasure to be enabled at length to congratulate our readers on the final removal of the difficulties which have hitherto impeded the operations of this interesting enterprise;—difficulties proceeding from no delay or errors of their own, but from the unsettled condition of the Commissioners of Sewers. Scarcely had the company obtained the required permission of the old body of commissioners to their works, when these latter were superseded by the new commission. But the new commissioners were only of temporary appointment, and holding office only provisionally, as it were, they considered that they would not be justified in making any permanent arrangements that would affect the drainage of Westminster. Thus, although all the works of the company are completed, the engines erected and the pipes laid, they have been unable to distribute, because the commissioners had not finally determined their own plans. But, on the 1st of January the new and permanent commission was appointed under the new statute. The directors of the Metropolitan Sewage Company lost no time in making a formal application to them for the necessary consent to the commencement of their operations. They proposed that, instead of incurring the great cost of constructing the tunnel sewer, the commissioners should convey to the station of the company at Stanley Bridge, the drainage of a portion of the Westminster District, for which they should pay, in the form of interest upon

outlay, a remuneration to the commissioners for the cost of conveyance. The proposition was very favourably received by the commissioners, who requested that the chairman, vice-chairman, and secretary of the company, would meet them with a view to the arrangement of terms. The interview took place accordingly, and was conducted in the most friendly spirit, and the following resolution was passed unanimously by the commissioners:

(EXTRACT FROM ORDERS OF COURT FEB. 1, 1849.)

"Resolved, that saving all the Jurisdiction and Rights of the Metropolitan Commission of Sewers, facilities be given to the Metropolitan Sewage-Manure Company, for carrying out their experiments completely, by allowing them to take sewer water of a stronger quality than that chosen, viz.: the Counter's Creek Sewer."

In pursuance of this resolution the surveyor to the commissioners was directed to survey the district with a view to ascertain what sewage could be supplied to the company. He has proposed to convey to the station at Stanley Bridge by pipes, the contents of three or four of the sewers, having the most fertilizing quality, so that the best specimens of London liquid manure will be at the disposal of the company. One of them is the sewer of which such great complaints are made for its defilement of the Serpentine, but which, in the hands of the Metropolitan Sewage Manure Company, will be sent out of London to fertilize the fields and gardens, instead of breeding disease and death in the City.

On Tuesday last a deputation from the commissioners were to inspect the works of the company, and the results we hope to report in our next. In the meanwhile, it is a matter for public congratulation, that this great national enterprise is at length brought so nearly to completion, and that there is so high a prospect of the commencement of its operations, and of the proprietors reaping the profits of their perseverance. In these times, when money is so plentiful, and interest so low, a company that can scarcely fail to pay ten or twelve per cent, ought to have all its remaining shares applied for in a week. We shall continue to watch and report its progress.

PROPERTY INSURANCE SOCIETY.

We ask the attention of the readers of THE CRITIC to the Society of which they will find a full prospectus among the advertisements. We have two reasons for doing so; first, because it proceeds from, and is avowedly being formed by, the Proprietors, Editors, and Publisher of THE CRITIC; and, secondly, from a sincere conviction that it is a design of no small public interest; that it is calculated to confer as great a boon upon the community as its kindred inventions of Life Assurance and Guarantee, and to prove at least as profitable to the Shareholders as either of these latter.

The design, as the prospectus shows, is for all practical uses of sale or mortgage to convert into the value of freehold all interests in real property that are less than freehold. Thus;

To enable the purchaser of a leasehold, who now sinks his capital, to obtain it back again on the expiration of his lease, and also to make it as marketable and as mortgageable as a fixed value as if it were freehold.

To enable the holders of Ecclesiastical Property to do the same and thus to provide for their families.

And the like with the owners of copyhold interests and estates held for lives with fines payable on renewals, &c. By assurance with this Society the money required to meet the fines, &c., will be secured. It is further proposed to assure titles to real property. It is estimated that there are many millions worth of property in the United Kingdom *unmarketable*, on account of some difficulty in proof of a birth, a death, a marriage, or such like defective evidence, which is nevertheless a perfectly good holding title. By Assurance, all such estates may be made perfectly marketable, and even better and more saleable than others, with perfect safety and great profit to the Society, and equal advantage to the owners who are often seriously inconvenienced by the impracticability of selling or mortgaging.

If Life Assurance Companies yield such large profits to the Shareholders, this one, with so much wider a field, can scarcely fail to produce still greater profits.

Its respectability and *bona fides* are guaranteed in the best possible manner. It is not produced by un-

known adventurers, but avowedly as a beneficent scheme of a journal of high standing and great influence, and which moreover has undertaken the expense and trouble of forming it, guaranteeing to those who are inclined to take shares in it, that they shall not even be asked for their deposits unless a sufficient number of shares are subscribed to justify complete registration—that is, the actual formation of the company, and proceeding to business; so that no risk of any kind can be incurred from taking shares. The call is not expected to exceed 15s. per share in the whole, and four per cent. interest will be paid from the commencement, and the profit added by way of bonus. In the *Clerical and Medical Insurance Office* £2 10s. per share paid fourteen years since, have, by bonuses, been increased to £17, an increase of more than sixfold. There is every reason to expect that the 15s. per share advanced in this Society, will, in the same period, multiply tenfold; in other words, that a person taking sixty shares in it, and paying to the amount of £50, will, at the end of fifteen years find his £50 increased to £500, and yet have been receiving five per cent. for his money in the meanwhile. But if it do but one-fourth of this, if the £50 be made £100 with five per cent. interest, it will be a capital investment, for there is not the slightest risk about it—the profits are certain. It will be observed that not less than five shares will be given to one person.

The proceedings and progress of this Society will be regularly reported to the readers of THE CRITIC.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

LIFE.

BY HARGRAVE JENNINGS.

The longest years of happiness are short.
Grief, like the envious clouds, our summer sky
Darkens, till all be black. Why such a dream
Should seem our happiness, that when we wake
Its lingering light has faded into nought,
And we, Ixion like, but grasp the cloud
Emptied of all its sunshine! Faithful grief,
As if with natural clasp, still clings to us.
The past seems then the summit of the hill
Adown whose dark slope we have ta'en our way,
Leaving the light:—followed by but one ray,
Directed downwards to illumine our heart
Hollow'd already with its anguish. Oh
'Tis nearest recompense for a lost joy,
That we're still master of its memory!

JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

The Zoist: a Journal of Cerebral Physiology, and Mesmerism, and their applications to Human Welfare. No. 24, for January. Baillière.

THE progress of mental physiology can scarcely be conceived by those who never look for information beyond the newspapers, or the quarterly, monthly, and weekly periodicals, which devote themselves entirely to the fashionable tastes of the time, and have no regard for truth for its own sake. Judged from such publications, it would appear that the science of mind in its relation to the body was not only making no advance, but that it had passed away from the thoughts, both of philosophers and of the public; and that the loftiest and most important of all themes that could engage the attention of a rational being, had, to the disgrace of our age and country, receded as rapidly as in the lower branches of science discovery was advancing.

But they would err who should thus judge the condition of the science itself, from the neglect with which it is treated by the periodical literature of the day. It is, in truth, making mighty strides, because it has at last come to be treated, like other sciences, experimentally; and instead of dreaming theories upon it, as was the fashion with our fathers, those of our generation who yet pursue it are observing Nature and collecting facts. This

is especially the object of the small but energetic, and intellectual party, who report to the *Zoist*, quarterly, the results of their experience, and it is as being such a record that this Journal is of so great utility. It rarely, if ever, attempts to theorize. It is content to gather and report facts, leaving it to some later time, when there shall be a greater store of these, and when experiment has been largely extended, to review results, and deduce from them principles and a philosophy.

For these four years past, the public has heard little of mesmerism; but it has not therefore been less earnestly pursued by its pupils: it has made vast progress in discovery; it has found credence in all quarters, even where it had been before most strenuously denied; and there are few who do not admit now, that it is not altogether a fraud; that there is "something in it." This is a point of incalculable importance in the progress of science, for it immediately precedes its universal acceptance as a fact in nature. If once it be conceded that there is some truth in it, it becomes the duty of all inquirers after truth to investigate it, for the purpose of ascertaining how much of it is true. Once instigated to inquiry, they soon learn, from their own experience, that there is a great deal more of truth in it than they had at first supposed, and thus, from being opponents, because they have never investigated, they are found in the end to become the most zealous advocates of the truth they had spurned. It is in this manner that mesmerism is at this moment daily counting new converts from among the most intellectual and influential of our community.

Nothing is more calculated to hasten this process of conversion, than a glance at the facts reported in the *Zoist* from gentlemen of rank and scientific fame in all parts of the country, and who append their names to authenticate their statements. But we regret still to observe, that much of the utility of this Journal is marred by the very natural, but not less impolitic, techiness of the Editor, who cannot speak of an opponent but with some term of contumely and reproach. This is both bad taste, and bad generalship. The way to confirm an opponent in his obstinacy of unbelief, is to abuse him. The only sure method of making a convert is to combine our unanswerable arguments with a kindly phrase and a cordial invitation. In the former case you enlist his pride against you, and pride will beat conviction any day. In the latter case, you at once convince and persuade; you satisfy his reason, and gratify his vanity by showing him how glad you are to have him on your side, instead of against you. We are quite sure that Dr. ELLIOTSON has done a great deal of harm to mesmerism, by the angry tone in which he conducts his discussions of it. For our own part, we have always endeavoured in THE CRITIC to adopt the opposite tone, and we see no reason to depart from it now, and it would give us great pleasure to find that the *Zoist* had dropped its abuse. It would then be far more serviceable to the cause than it is.

Another fault we have to find with it, and that is, the too great length of some of its papers; thus, nearly one half of the number before us is occupied with a report of a cure of cataleptic insanity through mesmerism, by Mr. PARSONS, of Brighton. Certainly, many of the incidental phenomena related here are extremely curious and well worth recording, but the whole might have been compressed into

half its present space, with considerable advantage to the number, by leaving room for more variety.

The greater portion of the cases here reported are of cures wrought by mesmerism, including insanity, neuralgia, palsy, acute rheumatism, heart disease, &c. The most valuable paper is, perhaps, the report of the progress of Dr. ESDALE in India. Our readers will doubtless remember, that this gentleman has been extensively applying it there to the cure of disease, with such success, that the government has at length taken cognizance of it, and after careful inquiry into the facts, has determined to erect a hospital specially for the application of mesmerism to the cure of disease. And if the government has deemed it right to do this in India, there is no reason why the same thing should not be done at home. The other papers consist of various communications relative to that part of the phenomena of mesmerism which most interests us, as students of Mental Philosophy, namely, the phenomena of *Clairvoyance*. Of these we will endeavour to give some account.

Our readers will remember *Alexis Didier*, whose mesmeric doings created such a sensation in London about six years since, and whose faculties of *clairvoyance* were so stoutly affirmed and denied. Dr. ELLIOTSON adduces here some further evidence of his powers, as confirmed by our ambassador at Paris, a man who is not likely to have been imposed upon, and by Lord Frederick Fitzclarence, as shrewd a man as can be. We present the entire of this narrative, as being attested by such witnesses, whose honesty at least will not be impeached by the most daring opponent. What will the *Lancet* say to this?

In the 8th and 11th numbers of *The Zoist* such examples of the *clairvoyance* of Alexis Didier were given as compelled me, with all my prejudices, to be satisfied of his possessing this faculty at times.

I received the following account from M. Marillet:—

"On May 17, 1847, Alexis and myself went to the apartments of Lord Frederick Fitzclarence, at the hotel Brighton, Rue Rivoli, and the trials of Alexis's *clairvoyance* were begun in the presence of Lord Normanby, the English ambassador, who, like Lord Frederick, had no belief in mesmerism.

"Can you describe my country house in England?" said the ambassador to Alexis, who had been sent into sleep-waking. After reflecting a few minutes, Alexis replied, that it was on a height. Then, having detailed its situation and all the particulars of the grounds, he accurately described the furniture of the house, and finished by saying, that certain windows looked out upon the sea. So unexpected a description astonished the ambassador.

"A young and handsome lady, encouraged by the lucidity of Alexis, put some questions to him. He told her her name and her rank; 'you are a *dame d'honneur* of Queen Victoria,' added he; and it was true.

"Lord Normanby took up one of Lord Frederick's books, and, having stated the number of a page, Alexis read a sentence in it, though the book was not out of Lord Normanby's hands. This experiment was repeated several times and always with the same success.

"Lord Frederick had, up to this moment, been a mere spectator: but now broke silence, took the hand of Alexis, and, with his characteristic kindness of manner, asked the following question,—

"Can you tell me how I was employed the day before yesterday with that gentleman?" pointing to one of the company.

"I see you both," replied Alexis, "going to the Rue Lazare in a carriage: there you take the train and travel to Versailles; you then get into another carriage which conveys you to St. Cyr. You visit the military school, and it was the other gentleman who proposed this excursion, he having been educated there."

"All this is admirable, Alexis," exclaimed his lordship. "Go on, Alexis."

"You return to Versailles; I see you both enter a pastry-cook's. Your companion eats three little cakes: you take something else."

"Lord Frederick, perfectly astonished, said, before Alexis had time to think, 'You are right; I ate a small piece of bread.'

"You next take the train again and return to Paris. However, let us thoroughly understand each other. You started by the railroad on the right bank, but you returned by that on the left."

"The latter circumstance astonished his lordship so much, that he not only congratulated us before the whole party, but offered us his high patronage on every occasion."

Soon after M. Marillet had sent me word of these wonders, a friend of mine—Mr. Bushe, son of the late Chief Justice of Ireland, and intimate with Lord Frederick, called upon me, and offered to apply to his lordship respecting the truth. His lordship immediately desired his secretary to write me word that he was at that moment too busy to write to me himself, but that, if I would procure a detailed account, he would peruse it, and, if he found it accurate, certify to its truth. I applied repeatedly to M. Marillet, who is the most unmethodical and dilatory man in the world, and it was but lately that I procured from him the statement which I have translated. I transmitted the original to Lord Frederick by means of our common friend, and the following was his Lordship's answer,—

Portsmouth, Nov. 15, 1848.

My dear Bushe,—I have read the statement you sent me relative to the seance that was held at my apartments when in Paris, in 1847, in mesmerism. It is quite correct in every particular; indeed nothing could be much more extraordinary than the whole thing was in every respect.

I hope I shall see Dr. Elliotson here, as he is a great friend of our first physician here—Dr. Engledeue, whose acquaintance I have lately had the good fortune to make. Come down, my dear Bushe, and see your old friend,

FRED. FITZCLARENCE.

I return the letter.

I have had no means of verifying the following account, which was sent me at the time of the occurrence. But the substantiation of M. Marillet's perfect accuracy by Lord Frederick, in reference to the one, removes all doubt from my mind respecting the other.

"Alexis is more brilliant than ever. The saloons of the aristocracy are eagerly opened to us. The following facts of the lucidity of Alexis have done this. I have a seance with Alexis at my house every Saturday evening, at eight o'clock. Last Saturday week my party was very select. A lady presented her closed hand to Alexis, and begged him to tell her what was in it. 'It is hair in a paper.' 'True.' 'The hairs are light: they belonged to a great personage who is abroad; he limps a little; they are the hairs of the Due de Bordeaux.' The lady, astonished at the answer, said before the whole party that she was Madame de Quincy, first dame d'honneur of the Duchesse de Berry.

'Last Wednesday, the 24th instant, your ambassador, Lord Normanby, desired to see us a second time, and was again astonished. 'In this box,' said he to Alexis, 'I have placed something, can you tell me what it is?' 'It is a bracelet with a portrait; the likeness is of Queen Victoria!!!' 'That is astounding: you lately described my English country house to me; I have another, can you see it?' 'Perfectly well. It is not in England. It is in a warmer climate. I will stand at the window. I see a great city situated a league off; a little river flows near your garden. The city that I see is Florence! You have lived in this city also, for I see your house also; it is in the Place opposite a large church. You had, likewise, a terrace. You had your portrait taken in this city.' 'Yes.' 'This portrait is placed in the saloon of your country house!' 'This is overpowering,' said the ambassador.

'Last Monday, we were at the house of the Comtesse de Paris. A person asked Alexis what was in a parcel tied with string that he held in his hand. 'It is a letter without signature, and bears the date of 1809: he who wrote it was assassinated ten years afterwards; it is the Due de Berry.' The person who asked the question was the Comte la Ferrounais.

"Yours faithfully,

"MARILLET.

"May 31, 1847,

"Paris, 48, Rue de la Victorie."

We must reserve the other remarkable contents of this number of the *Zoist*, for another notice.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

LEVER.—On the 20th ult., at the Eagni di Lucca, Mrs. Chas. Lever, the wife of Charles Lever, Esq., of a daughter.

RICHARDSON.—On the 9th inst., at Dartmouth-grove, Blackheath, Mrs. Pelham Richardson, of a son.

DEATHS.

ANSPACH.—On the 31st ult., at his residence, 2, Brunswick-terrace, Wells-street, Hackney, in the 79th year of his age, the Rev. Lewis Anspach, for many years missionary at Harbour Grace, Newfoundland, and late minister of the French Protestant Church, St. Martin's-le-Grand.

FIELD.—On Thursday, the 11th ult., after a short illness, Mr. Henry Field, for above 40 years an attentive assistant at the Concerts of Ancient Music, Opera, &c., in the 56th year of his age, much respected and regretted.

FOWNE.—On the 31st ult., at Grange Terrace, Brompton, Dr. George Fowne, F.R.S., Professor of Practical Chymistry, at University College, London, in the 34th year of his age.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

LITERARY circles partake of the spirit, or rather of the lack of spirit, evident in every class of refined society. No books, no authors, no geniuses, to talk about. All is dullness personified—evenness made too familiar. As far as *THE CRITIC* is concerned, we have but to congratulate our readers on the change which this breathing time has wrought. Our advertising columns show too clearly how implicitly we are trusted by those who ought to have had faith in us long ago. This event argues well for the future of our cause;—a cause so strictly identified with Truth and Progress.—The Council of King's College, London, have determined on admitting to a course of evening lectures all gentlemen who may be disposed to attend, even though they be not regular students. The lectures appointed for the present term are "Manufactures and Machinery," "Public Health," "Chemistry," "Natural History," "Physical Geography." Three evenings are to be devoted to the illustration, by the oxy-hydrogen microscope, of the structure of the lower animals. The lectures are delivered in the evening, and will certainly be acceptable to those whose occupations forbid a regular indulgence in daily study.

MONTGOMERY'S NEW VOLUME OF POEMS.—We are glad to find that the unbiassed testimony of *THE CRITIC* to "The Christian Life," just published by ROBERT MONTGOMERY, has not only been confirmed by the press, almost without a solitary exception,—but that a *Second Edition* of these poems will appear in a few days. At a period when a passion for Material Science reigns with a fatal ascendancy over so large a mass of modern readers, the second edition of a volume in six weeks, whose characteristic is the supremacy of the spiritual over the gross and the secular, is a grateful surprise.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS,

MUSIC, ENGRAVINGS, AND WORKS OF ART,

Published between Jan. 31, and Feb. 13 1849.

[N.B.—The following list is obtained from the returns of the Publishers themselves, and its accuracy may, therefore, be relied on.]

NOTICE.—In accordance with the request of many of the Publishers, the classified "List of New Books" will appear only monthly, viz. in the number of the 15th, as they inform us that thus they will be enabled to make a more complete return, with less trouble, than if applied to for every number; and it will be more convenient to readers, as saving so many references.

ART.

The Science of those Proportions by which the Human Head and Countenance, as represented in Ancient Greek Art, are distinguished from those of Oriental Nature. By D. R. Hay, Esq., F.R.S. Royal 4to. 36s. With 25 Plates.

BIOGRAPHY.

Chateaubriand's Autobiography. Vol. I. (Parlor Library.) Post 8vo. 1s. The Life of Maximilian Robespierre; with Extracts from his Unpublished Correspondence. By G. H. Lewes. Author of "Ranthorpe," &c., &c. 8vo. 9s.

CLASSICS.

Arnold's First Greek Book on the Plan of Henry's First Latin Book. 12mo. cl. 5s. Sacred Latin Poetry. By R. C. French, M.A. Fcp. 8vo. 7s. Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities. By various Writers. Edited by Dr. W. Smith. 500 Engravings on Wood. £2. 2s. Cloth lettered.

Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology. By various Writers. Edited by Dr. W. Smith. 3 vols. £5. 15s. 6d. Cloth lettered.

Linwood's Lexicon to Æschylus. 2nd Ed. 8vo. 12s. Smart's Literal Translation of the Works of Horace. 18mo. 3s. New Ed.

Davidson's Literal Translation of the Works of Virgil. With various readings from Heyne, Anthon, Winderbeck, Wagner, Doederlein, &c. Fcp. 8vo. 3s. 6d. New Ed. Liddell and Scott's Greek English Lexicon. 3rd Ed. Corrected. Crown 4to. 44s. Cloth. 52s. 6d. Russia.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Hymns for Schools, selected by the Rev. Richard Harvey, M.A., Rector of St. Mary's, Hornsey. New Ed. 6d. Facts on the Fraudulent Supply of Coals to Families; with Suggestions for a Remedy of the Existing Evil. 12mo. 6d. Cholera Preventible, with Practical Hints for the Promotion of Health. By Esther Copley. 2d.

EDUCATION.

Latham on the English Language. 2nd Ed. 8vo. 15s. Daily Life of a Christian Child. 16mo. 6d. The Little Christian's Sunday Alphabet. By a Lady. 12mo. 1s. cloth; 6d. sewed. Journal of Education. Vol. 2. 1848. 8vo. 7s. 6d. Geography, by a Lady. 18mo. 9d. Grammar of the Latin Language. By Leonhard Sehmits, Ph. D., F.R.S.E. Rector of the High School, Edinburgh. Fcp. 3s. 6d.

A Vocabulary of Greek and Latin Roots. By George Macdonald, F.E.I.S. 18mo. 6d. Vieland's, (J. N.) French Grammar and Exercises. 12mo. 6s.

The Royal Nursery A. B. C. Book. Edited and Illustrated by A. R. Montalba, with 500 Woodcuts. Fcp. sewed. 1s.

EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Stories for Summer Days and Winter Nights: Carl Thorne's Revenge. 2d. The second and concluding part of The Lit's Savage. By Captain Marryat. 12mo. 5s. Aunt Henry's Stories. 18mo. 2s. 6d. Cloth.

ENGRAVINGS.

Illustrations to Thomson's Works. 7 Engravings from Drawings by J. Gilbert. Engraved by Greatbach. Small folio. 7s.

FLECTION.

The Hall and the Manor House. 3 vols. Post 8vo. £1. 11s. 6d. Duodecimo; or a Scribbler's Progress. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d. The Rest. An Epistle of the village of Ross Cray. By the Rev. Claude Mugnay. Fcp. 8vo. 3s. 6d. Lovers and Husbands, a Story of Married Life. 32mo. 8d. Tales and Trifles. By the late W. Mudford, Esq. 2 Vols. 18mo. 5s. Principle. A Tale. By the Author of "Jessie Boston." 12mo. Cloth. 2s. 6d. Moscha Lambertini; or a Deed done has an End. By M. E. Smith. Post 8vo. 5s. The Emigrant Family; being the Story of an Australian Family. By the Author of "Settlers and Convicts." 3 vols. Post 8vo. 31s. 6d. Hawthorne's Twelve Told Tales. Fcp. 8vo. 4s. 6d. My Uncle the Curate. A Novel. By the Author of "The Bachelor of the Albany." 3 vols. 8vo. 31s. 6d. Fairy Tales from all Nations. By Anthony R. Montalba. With 24 Illustrations by Richard Doyle. Sq. 16mo. 9s. Mary Burton; a Tale of Manchester Life. 3rd Ed. 2 vols. 8vo. 18s.

HISTORY.

Niebuhr's Lectures on the History of Rome. 3 vols. 8vo. £1. Cloth. Niebuhr's History of Rome. From the Earliest Times to the Death of Constantine. 5 vols. 8vo. £3. 2s. 6d.

MEDICINE.

Cholera, its Prevention and Cure by Hydropathy. By Capt. Claridge. 8vo. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Wright's Supplement to the Peerage for 1849. Royal 8vo. Cl. bds. 5s. Woman. By Mrs. Balfour. 18mo. Cloth. 1s. Spectator, with eight Portraits on Steel of Contributors. Royal 8vo. 9s. New edit. Exiles in Virginia; comprising the official papers of the Government relating to the Revolution. Royal 8vo. 11s. The Juvenile Englishman's Library. Vol. 21. Godfrey Davenant at College. By the Rev. W. Heygate, A.M. 18mo. 2s. 6d. Cloth. Musings of a Musician. By Henry C. Lunn, Esq. 12mo. 4s. Gilt leaves. A Book for a Corner, or Selections in Prose and Verse. By Leigh Hunt. Illustrated, from designs by F. W. Hulse and J. Franklin. 2 vols. Fcp. 12s.

MUSIC.

Evangelical Melodies. Farewell, ye happy hours. By Alex. Lee. 2s. Sweet Lady, Good Night. By Alex. Lee. 2s. Home and Friends around us. By Alex. Lee. 2s. Wandering Minstrel's Lay. By J. Nelson. 2s. Remember and Forgive. By W. West. 2s. The Haunted Man. By W. West. 3s. Autumn Flower Waltzes. 3s. 6d. By Westrop. Peacock Polka. 2s. 6d. By Macpherson. Jehovah Jireh (sacred song). 2s. By C. H. Purday. O, Beautiful Rainbow (sacred song). 2s. By C. H. Purday. Have Faith in one Another (ballad). 2s. By James Perring. Six New Ballads. By Carpenter and S. Glover. Davidson's Pianoforte Duets, No. 1. (Diabelli's duet in D.) Folio. 1s. Songs for the Sabbath. By Henry Russell. 9 pieces, half-bound. Folio. 2s. 6d.

Handel's Oratorio, Israel in Egypt, No. 1, in vocal score, with pianoforte or organ accompaniment. 8vo. 6d.
 Handel's Jephthah, No. IX., ditto, ditto. 8vo. 6d.
 The Musical Tunes, No. LVII. 8vo. 1d.
 The Cathedral Choir Book, No. XVIII., containing Bryan's Morning Service, Organ Score. Folio. 1s. 6d.
 Ditto, ditto, Vocal Score, without accompaniment. 8vo. 1s.
 Lord, keep my memory green. Song. Fol. 6d. Bryon.
 Madlle. Jenny Lind's Songs, with a new English version. By J. Oliver, Esq. Mr. Allmann's new symphonies and arrangements.
 When I left fair Normandy. (Robert le Diable.) Sing on, Fair Maiden. (La Figlia del Reggimento.) Rastapla! Rastaplan. (Ditto.)
 The Immortality of Beauty. (Swedish Melody.) Oh, give me back those early days. (Ditto.)
 Farewell, my own dear Native Land. (Ditto.)
 Ginger Dine: also, Miss Sally Snow. New Negro Songs. By the American Barlow.
 Mendelssohn's Music to Athalia. Pianoforte score. Folio. £1 1s.; voice parts to ditto, 10s.
 C. Horsley's Two Songs, with pianoforte and violoncello accompaniments—The Serenade, 2s. 6d.; and The Water-Lily, 2s.
 Hummel's Three Anthems, with organ accompaniment, by Dr. Walmisley. 3s. 6d. each.
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 Schullhoff's Galop. Duet. 5s.
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 Maudie, and her sister Song. A duet. By S. Glover. 2s. 6d.
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 Une fee, un bon ange. 1s. 6d.
 S'il est sur terre un emploi. 1s. 6d.
 J'en venez vous, ma chere. 2s.
 La belle l'ins (Aragonaise). 2s. 6d.
 Nous allons avoir grace à Dieu. 1s. 6d.
 Téméraire impie où vas-tu. 2s.
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